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Germans in Italy

The mystery of what is happening in the Italian Tyrol, formerly Austrian territory, is being cleared up. Apparently the exclusion of foreigners from this area was ordered to conceal the brutal tactics with which Italy, with German consent, is kidnaping German-speaking inhabitants of the area and shipping them across the border into the Reich. On July 18 it was reported that twenty-six Tyrolese had been killed resisting the police. There are 200,000 former Austrians in this territory; they have never accepted Italian domination, which has been excessively cruel. They are also bitterly opposed to being forced across the border into Hitler's territory. What is happening in the Tyrol fits in with the reports, partially confirmed in Rome, that Germany has been given control of Trieste. It is a reasonable speculation that this port, formerly Austrian, has been turned over to the Germans in exchange for a promise that the Tyrol shall remain permanently Italian, with its intransigent German-speaking inhabitants forced to enter Germany or to die defending their mountain homes.

The taking of Trieste is only another link in the chain by which Italy is bound to the German chariot. Geneviève Tabouis in a recent article summarized some of the things that are going on. There are masses of German troops camped in the valley of the Po. Germany has occupied aviation bases in north Italy, from which Italian planes have been sent to Sicily and Libya. The country is swarming with agents of the Gestapo. Goering spends most of his time in Italy directing this "dry conquest." It is the Germans who see to it that Italy is aggressively anti-Jewish. The jokes now going the rounds in Italy are significant. One of them is the remark: "After all, things were better under Mussolini." Another is the observation attributed to Signor Marinetti: "Of course, I'm for the Rome-Berlin Axis. I'm even for the Berlin-Rome Axis. But a Berlin-Berlin Axis . . . not for me."

Germany Is Sick

The official mortality and morbidity figures of Germany are far more revealing than all the pictures of stalwart, blond boys doing setting-up exercises. Das Neue Tagebuch, an anti-Nazi paper published in Paris by German émigrés, has recently given worldwide publicity to the official statistics of the Reich Department of Health. The figures are so gloomy it is a wonder that even the employees of the Department were allowed to see them. The number of diphtheria cases, for example, went up from 77,340 in 1933 to 149,424 in 1938 (Austria excluded). Deaths from the same disease were 4,837 when Hitler came to power, and had risen to 8,239 by 1936. And the diphtheria figures are not exceptional. Both the numbers of cases and numbers of deaths from scarlet fever, dysentery, meningitis, infantile paralysis, trichinosis and food-poisoning have shown increases of from 150 to 300 percent. The most sensational fact the figures disclose is that 75 percent of the German male population at one time or another has had some form of venereal

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disease. The Department of Health explains the figures convincingly; it says the German people are underfed, in the first place. There is insufficient medical care because Jewish doctors have been removed from practice and "Aryan" doctors have been mobilized. The people are overworked (especially in the building trades). Medicine is scarce, there are too few food inspectors, and the schools and youth camps are overcrowded. "Strength Through Joy" will have to be revised to "Weakness Through Misery."

The President and Neutrality

The statements of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull on neutrality, made public July 14, may be read as one document. Mr. Hull says the four bases of American neutrality must be: 1. To consider our own peace and security as paramount. 2. To avoid being drawn into war. 3. No entangling alliances. 4. To maintain strict neutrality. This philosophical basis seems oddly at variance with Mr. Roosevelt's universally admitted desire to help the democracies in every possible way against the Fascist nations. That point is less important, however, than the fact that the President has not played his cards well. It is highly doubtful whether any revision of the neutrality law can be passed at this session and still more doubtful whether such revision would represent the President's wishes. Meanwhile the important principle of "cash and carry" is being lost sight of. It is far more vital to American safety to stick to this rule than to decide whether guns and shells shall be sent abroad in parts or after assembly. The President has a real responsibility here which cannot be evaded by repeated charges that those who disagree with him are giving aid and comfort to the aggressors.

Pro-Fascists in Washington

Reports in Washington confirm the story which we mentioned last week, that the United States is probably about to make a large loan to Franco with which he can buy American cotton. Such cotton will go to Catalonia, which has a tremendous textile industry, and will then compete with the products of our own mills on the world market. Mr. Roosevelt says he dislikes the Fascist dictators, yet he goes out of his way to aid one of them in a fashion that will do us great harm. This is especially true in Latin America, where the prestige of the democracies is declining and that of Franco is rising. If this latest piece of inconsistency is to be attributed, as most people say, to the power of the Catholic clique in the State Department, then that clique is influential indeed.

Cost of Living, North and South

The longer we look at the new WPA law, the worse it appears. One of its bad features to which not enough attention has been paid is that concerning rates of pay. WPA projects throughout the country shall be uniform except for adjustments in accordance with the cost of living. That sounds reasonable enough, but in practice it can be used to create the most appalling hardships. There is very little difference in the cost of living North and South, as regards the prices of specified products; but there is a tremendous difference in the amount of money the ordinary family must spend, and this difference has been reflected in past WPA scales. The average monthly wage in the North has been about $50 and in the South about $26. A decent standard of life cannot be maintained in the North on less than $50; even that sum is too small. On the other hand, $50 is more than the prevailing wage in private industry in most parts of the South. Wages in the South are of course disgracefully low and ought to be raised; but this cannot be done overnight and on orders from Washington. We see no way out of the dilemma except for the WPA to violate the text of the law and for "cost of living" read "standard of living."

The End of "The Jungle"?

The biggest and best labor news for a long time is that working conditions in the huge meat-packing industry of Chicago—exposed by Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" years ago—will perhaps be guaranteed to be decent in the near future. The 45,000 workers of the "Big Four" companies are organized for the first time since the World War and, in the face of the companies' refusal to negotiate a national contract, the convention of the Packinghouse Workers' Organizing Committee voted its national officers power to call a strike if mediation efforts failed. If called, the strike will have the support of Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop of the Chicago Archdiocese, who spoke at a PWOC rally for John L. Lewis on July 16. Our readers will recall that the official newspaper of Chicago Catholics has been a consistent supporter of the Newspaper Guild's strike there.

After repeated refusals, the Armour company has at last agreed to discuss the union's demand of a national contract covering wages and working conditions. Progressives must hope that the discussions will be fruitful, for if a strike comes it will be a bitter one. Already a union organizer has been fired at several times by gunmen and finally wounded. The companies will find it difficult to win a strike, but by forcing one to be called they can cause great suffering.

McNutt

We hope our readers will not overlook our Washington correspondent's analysis of Paul V. McNutt on page 333 of this issue. Whatever may have been Mr. Roosevelt's political strategy in making Mr. McNutt head of the Federal Security Agency, the result is

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tician, anti-labor and pro-jingo, whose only claim to the presidency is his desire for it, has been put in a place where he can wield tremendous influence over a group of the most important public agencies in the country, and the ones from which politics should be most firmly kept out. Of all the public men in the United States, McNutt is nearly the last to deserve a job like this. What possible political motive could the President have that would justify him in playing ducks and drakes with the Social Security Board and its allied agencies in this way?

First Blood for the TNEC

The first recommendations of the Temporary National Economic Committee recall the opening days of its sessions. It put on a little morality play by contrasting the good boys of industry with the bad, in respect to patents. First, the automobile manufacturers were called to testify how their patents were put into an open pool and made available to all. Then the glass-container industry was examined and found to be as bad as bad could be. Control of patents had been used to put competitors out of business and reap immense profits, even for certain exploiters—not inventors—who made no glass at all. Incidentally, it was shown how the public could have had its glass bottles much cheaper than it did. The new recommendations, complicated in detail, are framed to prevent this sort of thing in the future. They don't intend to deprive the inventor of his just reward, but they do aim to make illegal the manipulation of patent rights for monopoly purposes by those who buy them. Some, if not all, of the recommendations are likely to become law.

Broadcasters' Code

It is interesting to compare the actual code of program standards adopted by the National Association of Broadcasters on July 11 with the preliminary draft as discussed in the article by T. R. Carskadon, "Radio Cleans House," in our issue of July 12. The chief items stricken out were a provision that would have specifically barred one-sided discussion of controversial issues on commercial programs (W. J. Cameron style) and a proposed rule against selling time to religious organizations.

Under the code as adopted, time cannot be sold for the presentation of controversial public issues, but is to be given free "with fairness to all elements in a given controversy." Time may be sold for religious broadcasts, but whether sponsored or sustaining, such broadcasts "may not be used to convey attacks on another's race or religion." If enforced, these two rules will make Father Coughlin either stick to straight religion on his purchased time or else come out into the open forums on free time, where he can be answered. News commentators are restricted to "analyzing and elucidating news . . . free of bias." There is a general declaration in favor of educational broadcasts and a start is made toward limiting the length of commercial announcements on daytime programs.

Be Careful of the Word "Race"

The Chamber of Commerce of New York has issued a special report called "Conquest by Immigration." Its author is Dr. Harry H. Laughlin of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and it argues that immigration into the United States should be cut down to the vanishing point in the interest of "race integrity" and "race improvement." The basic assumptions of the report embrace a concept of "race" as unscientific as the Nazi idea of "100-percent Aryan." The argument is that every nationality is a "race," that every "race" has inherent, unalterable physical, mental and moral characteristics and that therefore some "races" are superior and others inferior. Progress in human society and culture is held to be due primarily to the "racial purity" of that society.

We have all grown accustomed to the insanity of this sort of superstition. When Goebbels says it we laugh. But when the foolish pronouncements come with the sponsorship of the New York Chamber of Commerce, we can restrain our mirth. So can the American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, of which Dr. Franz Boas, the anthropologist, is national chairman. It has appealed to the members of the Chamber of Commerce to repudiate the Laughlin report. It urges these business men (and everyone else) to remember the scientific facts: *Race involves the inheritance of similar physical variations by large groups of mankind, but its psychological and cultural connotations, if they exist, have not been ascertained by science. Anthropology provides no scientific basis for discrimination against any people on the ground of racial inferiority, religious affiliation or linguistic heritage.*

TVA Compromise

On the whole the compromise on the TVA bond-issue bill is a victory for progressives generally and Senator Norris in particular. It authorizes a $61,500,000 issue, without the restrictions of the original House bill, but with the funds earmarked for specific purposes. Representative May of Kentucky announced in addition that the Authority had agreed in a memorandum not to expand outside certain defined areas. This makes Mr. May happy because he thinks it means that "the trend toward state socialism has been stopped."

If the bill soothes generally those people on whom the TVA has had the combined effect of the seven-year itch and a hog-calling contest, then it will be a double victory. Nothing would do the Authority more

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to work. Wendell Willkie hasn't been roaring publicly these last few days. Of course the bill earmarked $46,000,000 for the purchase of the Commonwealth and Southern properties in the Tennessee Valley; maybe Mr. Willkie has drowned in the honey.

News Notes of a Week

Bulgaria and Yugoslavia proclaimed they were a "neutral Balkan front," thus making safe the back doors of Germany and Italy in case of war. . . . A number of Irishmen who had been with the Fascist forces in Spain, under General O'Duffy, sent messages to Franco asking for the release of Major Frank Ryan, captured in March, 1938, while fighting with the International Brigades. . . . Two French newspapermen were arrested as German propagandists and it was rumored that many more arrests would follow, though Premier Daladier accused the press of exaggerating the importance of the incident. . . . No one knew what was being said, but the negotiations for an Anglo-Soviet pact were still going on in Moscow.

Two miners were dead and 223 arrested as a result of fighting July 12 between National Guardsmen and pickets at the Mahan-Ellison mine near Sanfill in Harlan County, Kentucky. . . . Fritz Kuhn, the leader of the Nazi bund, was arrested in Webster, Massachusetts, on charges of drunkenness and using profanity. Freed on bail, Kuhn returned to New York City and failed to appear in court. . . . After visiting New York City and Albany for the Conference of Governors several weeks ago, Governor Luren D. Dickinson of Michigan, president of the Michigan Anti-Saloon League, issued a statement to "warn mothers and daughters of the dangerous proximity to a hellish brink for unprotected girls in anything smattering of high life."

Those Charming Young Men

WHEN THE PRESIDENT appointed Mr. Paul McNutt to be Security Administrator he was asked whether he was training the new appointee to succeed himself, and replied smiling that there were perhaps fifteen charming young men who might be considered for that post. This offhand way of dodging an embarrassing issue at once set the political writers to speculating on the possible Democratic candidate if Mr. Roosevelt himself should decline to run a third time. Like all such discussions in the past, this reveals a curious state of affairs. An administration which has been in undisputed power for nearly eight years, and which has called to its service more talent, to do more important jobs, than almost any government in our history, seems to lack any really imposing presidential timber. Those who are worth considering are so nearly equal in eminence or availability that they

In the Cabinet only two can be thought of in connection with the nomination. Secretaries Wallace and Ickes are those two. Both are men of courage, integrity and progressive ideas. But each is too good, in his own way, to be in the first rank of political availability. Neither has gone through the mill of election to office; neither has a machine with national scope and local roots. Both have, through persistence in a chosen line of action, made a great many enemies. Mr. Wallace is thoughtful, modest and sometimes perplexed; he lacks the flair and color of a personality that could bring popularity overnight. The agricultural puzzle has been too big for him to solve, in the presence of lack of industrial expansion and a disturbed world situation. Though he has created a brilliant administration in his own realm, the keys to his success have lain outside it, and they have not been turned. Mr. Ickes is dramatic and colorful, but the very vigor of his invective has kept him a lone wolf.

Jim Farley, who has so often been mentioned, has neither the requisite political availability nor the presidential caliber of mind. While there is no more skillful working politician in the country and none with a wider acquaintance, it would be fatal for any party to nominate the dispenser of its patronage and the keeper of its fences. Besides, the lesson of Al Smith has not yet been forgotten. Mr. Farley, as far as anyone knows, has no ideas of his own about governmental policy, and certainly would not attract enough ideological support to offset his Catholicism. Secretary Murphy likewise struggles under the fatal handicap of his religion, in spite of his admirable qualities.

Secretary Hull is charming, but not young or progressive. He has long experience in politics and a good deal of support from Democratic conservatives. His main activity—the negotiation of reciprocal trade treaties—is a good job well done, but it is after all a survival of the nineteenth-century liberalism that limits his mind. He seems to have no ideas outside that circumference. His conduct of the Department of State in other respects would hardly recommend him. He stubbornly adheres to a Wilsonian view of world affairs, with an emphasis on punishment of aggressors that reminds hosts of Americans unpleasantly of 1917. His share of responsibility for the administration's action in regard to Spain would count heavily against him. He is dull, respectable, and gives the impression of not knowing too well what is going on about him.

At one time it was supposed that the President had settled upon Harry Hopkins for the nomination. How good an administrator of WPA he was we can now see as we watch his successor. But his very virtues in this job naturally won him the enmity of conservatives. If it was supposed that his appointment as Secretary of Commerce would give him a chance to consolidate support from the other side that supposition was ill

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in his new job; no Roosevelt Secretary of Commerce could be popular with business. The Hopkins boom has faded to a mere drum-tap.

In lower ranks we find persons with perhaps greater native abilities, but with even less political availability. Solicitor General Robert H. Jackson ought to be a coming man. He has freshness, energy and good sense. Those who backed him saw correctly that in order to rise politically he ought to be taken out of the Washington stables and win his own important race. But the effort to nominate him for Governor of New York was promptly quashed by those Democratic reactionaries who want no more vigorous young progressives in high public office. And so, while he perhaps has the requisite personality and intellect, his nomination would be that of a very dark horse indeed.

Mr. Justice Douglas, who also is mentioned, is in much the same category. He is likable and competent but untried politically. Successful and popular as chairman of the SEC though he was, that is not enough to make a candidate. And, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, he cannot run a nomination campaign, or allow one to be run for him. If the candidate were to be picked by a stroke of lightning, he might be struck, but that is the most one can say.

Ordinarily one looks to Governors or Senators for available nominees. Where is the New Deal Governor who can succeed Mr. Roosevelt? The best was Mr. Murphy, but he has already been dealt with. Mr. Lehman of New York obviously will not and cannot run. Governor Stark of Missouri has the distinction of having ousted the corrupt machine of Pendergast in Kansas City, but a Democratic candidate ought to have something more than civic virtue to recommend him. Governor Olson of California seems to be a real progressive and a courageous one, but his health is not good. There are some progressive Democrats in Congress, but none who has achieved presidential prominence. The administration has allowed official Democratic leadership to remain, for the most part, in the hands of undistinguished wheel-horses or lukewarm supporters. Senator Wagner of New York, who is head-and-shoulders above the others, is ineligible because he was not born in this country. Senator Norris is not a Democrat at all, though he supports the President strongly, but in any case his age and health would bar him from the nomination.

Vice President Garner appears to be taken seriously as a candidate, but he is neither a young man nor a progressive one. Nobody less desirable to a real New Dealer can be imagined.

We come now to two real presidential possibilities, who are both outside the President's party and official family. One is Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, who is a Progressive and stands less than no chance of being nominated in a Democratic convention. The other is and picturesque figure who could carry on a stunningly good campaign, but who is, technically, a Republican. These two men are perhaps as well qualified to carry on the New Deal tradition as any others, but unfortunately nothing but a political earthquake would bring either of them a nomination as Mr. Roosevelt's successor.

Probably none of those whom we should want could achieve the nomination except by support from the President, and then only provided he controlled enough delegates in the 1940 convention. And in order to do this he must remain in the field himself at least until the last moment—a circumstance that makes it impossible for any candidate who hopes for presidential favor to foster his own campaign "build-up." We conclude, therefore, that if the progressive forces in this country are to have a candidate that pleases them in the next national election, their only chance is to foster the third-term movement. Then their requirements may be fulfilled by any one of three developments: first, the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt; second, the nomination of a candidate favored by him; third, a reshuffling of parties that would lead to the nomination, on a third ticket, of someone like Mr. LaGuardia or Mr. La Follette, or even of Mr. Roosevelt himself.

Check-up on Civil Liberties

FOR THE FOURTH YEAR in succession the American Civil Liberties Union in its annual survey, "The Bill of Rights—150 Years After," paints an encouraging picture of progress in the United States. Supreme Court decisions showed an especially liberal tendency. The Justices sustained the injunction against Mayor Hague, required equal facilities for Negro and white students and held that former membership in the Communist Party did not constitute grounds for deportation of aliens. Also high up on the credit side of the Civil Liberties Balance Sheet were Tom Mooney's pardon, the La Follette Committee's report dealing with violations of the rights of labor and industrial espionage, the sharp decrease in the number of strikes, due to the efficient operation of the National Labor Relations Act and the creation by Attorney General Murphy of a Civil Liberties Unit in the Department of Justice.

Supporters of civil liberties must not relax their efforts because of this optimistic report. A dark cloud on the legal horizon, the Apex case, threatens all organized labor by assessing triple damages against a labor union under the Sherman Act. Last year also witnessed a flood of anti-democratic propaganda allegedly directed against Jews and communism but actually aimed at progressive movements in general, propaganda whose chief mouthpiece became Representative Dies of

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Governor Bibb Graves refused to pardon the five remaining Scottsboro boys. States and communities all over the country interfered with the showing of motion pictures and Governor Chandler sent state troops into Harlan County during the lock-out of miners by the Harlan County Operators' Association. Thirty items are listed by the ACLU as "condemned" or "regretted."

Many issues that are still pending call for strong action. Billings should be pardoned, the La Follette Committee's investigation should be continued and the Apex decision should be reversed. Weakening amendments to the National Labor Relations Act should be beaten and Congress should pass many bills including the anti-lynching bill, a bill curtailing industrial espionage and armament and a bill curbing the use of the National Guard in strikes.

Strike Against the Government

To say that "you can't strike against the government" has a resounding note of parental authority, but we doubt that it is a wise or just maxim for the President to adopt.

Just what does it mean? If it means that WPA workers cannot make a concerted protest against the conditions of their employment by quitting work in a body, events prove it wrong, for that is just what they have done. There is no way to prevent them unless they are to be coerced by soldiers or police, and we doubt that the President intends this.

The only other thing it could mean is that if they do so protest, the government will pay no attention to their grievances, no matter how just, and will never reinstate them. But surely the government is not so perfect an employer that it should be immune from the checks that other employers have occasionally to meet. It would be more enlightened to deal with this labor trouble with as much understanding and flexibility as ought otherwise to be brought to bear when workers strike, rather than to mount a high horse and confuse the authoritarian police function of the state with its role as producer and employer. To do the latter is particularly dangerous at a time when the government is becoming less and less a policeman and more and more a major participant in the economic life of the nation.

Here are men acting to protect their union standards, as they have acted many times before. Thousands have left their work. Yet this natural protest is combatted with all the bitterness and fury that the most self-righteous private employer could use. No effort at conciliation is made, even when tempers rise and fatal violence occurs, as in Minneapolis. Newspapers are encouraged to whip up public anger against the unions. authorities announce that those deprived of livelihood by the action will get no help from them. And even Mr. Roosevelt puts himself at the head of the pack. Not for months has the country witnessed an uglier spectacle. Unless a change in policy is quickly made, we shall be treated to the sight of thousands of jobless mechanics condemned to destitution because they dared, in a cause they believed right, to protest against an action of the government in a manner that is a democratic tradition.

The President might have said, and truly, that the law left him and his subordinates no discretion to change the conditions complained of, but that he would carefully consider the grievances and see what he could do to get Congress to adjust them. It is too bad that he could not also have said that these conditions resulted solely from the work of the enemies of his administration in Congress, and that he was reluctant to enforce them. Unfortunately, however, his own WPA administrator, Colonel Harrington, had been inept enough to recommend the very change that the reactionaries favored. Even so, Mr. Roosevelt puts himself at a disadvantage to take the part of a stupid and cruel Congress in defending the letter of the new WPA law. It is a thoroughly bad law, and the more responsibility he accepts for it, the more injury he and his causes will suffer in the end.

Bitterness has been created as it is, and more is in prospect. A bad precedent has been set. The pity of it is that most of the trouble might have been avoided if the President had used the right approach. "Your quarrel is with Congress, not with me. Your strikes may stir Congress to action but, on the whole, I should think it would work better if you would use your voting power for the purpose. Let's all get together and see what we can do instead of having a hopeless fight." Something like this might easily have ended the strike on the first day and avoided endless trouble.

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After the New Deal[1]

V: *"We Have Bought Ourselves Time to Think"*

MRS. ROOSEVELT, who from the first was a vivifying force in the New Deal, seemed to have, by 1939, fewer illusions of accomplishment than most other survivors of the company. This may have been because her inquiring mind was soon driven to the study of permanent economic arrangements after a beginning concern with the relief of elemental distresses. That her frustration was complete she made quite clear in one of those moments of sheer honesty which of late have beset her more and more frequently; nothing has been accomplished, she said in effect, and concluded with the phrase at the head of this article.

It will be recalled how those intransigent souls who fought for drastic revision on every possible occasion were always put off by their more patient colleagues' assurances that a difference in climate had guaranteed gradual change. Some, at least, of those who were soothed in this way had long ago reached the attitude which Eleanor Roosevelt now seemed to share. They were, however, inclined to cynicism at that late hour. For the buying process had gone on steadily all these years and those who took payment still showed no sign of concession. They were even successful in confusing the identity of the purchasees; it certainly might be concluded from current comment that the bought were the recipients of home relief, workers on subsidized projects and the beneficiaries of the new "social security" in its various forms. That way of looking at it, of course, deliberately ignored the essence. It was business which was bought; for business had a contract with society to do what government now did for the newly underprivileged; but no one (including business men) seemed to know it, or if anyone did it was unacknowledged. Business men, on the contrary, arranged to be told daily and hourly how badly they were treated, and what patriots they were at heart. This was nothing new; but it had become more dangerous now. For the sycophants were everywhere allied with the orthodox, the moralists, the teachers, in the service of an imaginary, an impossible, Utopia of reaction.

It may, of course, be that Mrs. Roosevelt's despair was unwarranted. Perhaps the accomplishment was more than she recognized. Was there a purchase of more than time to think?

It is true that most of those who were policy-makers for the New Deal found themselves equally disturbed —not only about results to date but latterly about the objectives they had hitherto regarded as wholly desirable. Measures which once seemed good suddenly became obviously inadequate. The progressivism of a former generation began to look hopelessly irrelevant for enlarging the national income. It had been suited to repression and to regulation. Those were still needed; but what was needed more, it began to seem, was the organizing of creative talents, the enlarging of enterprise, the encouraging of productivity—and not with a view to profit only, but with an ambition to feed, clothe and shelter a people with generosity.

The ideological concomitant of the machine process can now be seen to center in operational wholeness; and that was the central, the original meaning of NRA; but there were other measures which were purely repressive; and some which were maliciously so. None which survived seemed to share the time and tempo of electricity, of vacuum tubes, of high-tensile alloys, of series operations or of the intricate scheduling on which factories, and indeed whole industries, run today. Yet if any one characteristic is clear about the going system it is unity: its greatest necessity is coördination; its greatest virtue is lack of friction; its greatest hindrance is self-canceling forces. When its complements fail to function in concert, when supplementation falters, ruination spreads outward with dramatic speed, slowing, dragging, until the whole performs with lethargy.

The New Dealers inherited from the old Progressives a yearning for business liberty; this was regarded as the final objective of all policy. It was rooted in a pluralism which regarded the whole as the sum of its parts in social affairs as in the simplest mechanics; and it was taken as a corollary of this that the fortune of the parts added up to the good of the whole. To the modern mind this dictum of the older common sense seemed so infantile as to create a feeling of hopelessness. Mrs. Roosevelt's disturbance was an evidence of the onset of national moral maturity, of a change in thinking which went deep into the assumption on which policies had been built. Progressives had been softened by two decades of merely critical activity. She, along with many others, had suddenly become responsible for running a country; for the first time they had to consider on what positive principles it must be done. And the responsibility was slowly fatal to what by now was a feeble remainder of progressive dogma; the life within was departing. The wiser heads began to see

[1] This is the fifth article in a series. The first three, by George Soule, appeared in our issues of May 17, May 24 and June 7, and

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Those whose minds were changed found new light but also new despair. For others were more loyal to the tradition. There arose division in the New Deal. How combat something, the enlightened had to ask, which had the resistance of a feather pillow—and was as persistently ignorant of defeat? The old way of thinking had no long-run survival value; it was of no use in the new world; yet there remained die-hard progressives as well as reactionaries who gave evidence of wanting its comfort even to the admitted substantial sacrifice of national well-being.

Until the dominant policy-makers had become conscious of modernity and skilled in its pragmatic way of thought, it seemed inevitable that just such confusion should continue. There was no likelihood of improvement short of another crisis as serious as 1917 or 1929. In such times fright overtakes privilege and reduces resistance to change; opportunity for creative ideas opens out when something different is desperately enough needed. If generalization is safe from the two most recent instances, perhaps war offers the best hope for the needed revision. For 1917 resulted in national organization on a unitary scheme; and 1929 resulted most characteristically (although with confusing exceptions) in the dusting off of atomistic reforms which had been lying around unused (or safely mismanaged by hostile administrations) for fifty years. Even the release from monetary feudalism had to be carried out within a set of arrangements intended to distribute private powers rather than to make public ones effective.

How different it was in 1917! The measures taken then looked toward achievement rather than the exercise of prejudice. The sacredness of the war was assumed; but all other doctrine was waived. It was possible, therefore, to make immense advances toward industrial unity; consequently, also, toward productivity and well-being. That great wartime release of energy was achieved by freeing men's minds. Quantities and qualities could be thought of rather than profits. This was quite clearly an adjournment of pluralism. The adding up of profits of manufacturing concerns or of promoters' gains did not constitute acceptable proof, for once, of satisfactory national activity. There were quotas to be filled. Food, clothes, shelter, had to be multiplied as well as war materials; indeed these were war materials. And he who did too well out of it was a profiteer; which was just the reverse of his peacetime role. How well everything went when all the accepted maxims were reversed!

But how quick was the return to ways to peace! Conflict was made official once more by dignifying competition. Profit was reëstablished in the shrine. The good of competing businesses again began to be added up to discover the prosperity of all. And a generation of teachers began the labors which were to reverse the

It is unlikely that any sane person will propose to trade the gains from purposive national organization for the risks which war brings to the most precious hopes. This would be to put means above ends. Yet the fact is that only war has up to now proved to be such a transcending objective that doctrine is willingly sacrificed for efficiency in its service. And this ought to reveal something of the qualifications an objective must have in order to induce the sacrifice of prejudice and self-regard.

The question implied here answers itself. There is no mystery about what is wanted from the economic system: it is more, better and cheaper goods and services. May we then put together the fact that this objective is only possible in a concerted national scheme and the other fact that this same scheme is necessarily one in which conflict disappears and the creative impulses of a people are fused in a satisfying effort? Can something of this sort furnish at once the higher level of living which is wanted and the personal completion which is inherent in the doing of a purposive job? If it is indeed so, if technology has thus committed the nation, and if joining in a concerted achievement is desirable, then something suggestive emerges.

Theorists, like business men, have been wasting their time in competition and doctrinal bickering. It is almost half a century now since the signs of technological change became clear enough for all but the blind to read. Veblen, for instance, grasped their full meaning before 1900. Yet the weight of orthodoxy is still heavy on the side of laissez-faire economics and pluralistic government. This has delayed entrance to the ground of controversy over which campaigning should have been going on for decades: how, using the new processes, to achieve more goods, and more satisfaction in their making, and how, at the same time, to keep the liberties of a lower scale of living. There would be a kind of conflict involved in this which would be of the nature of competition in good works, always to be distinguished from the attempts at personal advantage which existing arrangements impose even on men of good will. The way ought to have been cleared for a moral equivalent of war.

This equivalent, if it could have been found, would have brought overnight the institutional reconstruction which is now prevented by the barriers in men's minds. Lacking that, the slow forces of disintegration (aided by constantly increasing divergence between technique and men's knowledge of it, they being more and more apt to project an old knowledge of it into the present) have to be suffered until the pressures are built up which force unwilling accommodation to new technical situations. Uneven progress is made through *tours de force* wrought out in hatred and accepted with bitter resignation.

Mr. Roosevelt has struggled with these matters

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slowly clearing confusion in his own mind and his duty to reconcile newly achieved understandings with the progressive-reactionary political philosophies of those legislators and bureaucrats from whom all his concessions must be wrung. He must often agree to measures consistent only with a last-generation view of the world, and hope that the damage to a delicately adjusted social mechanism may weigh less in the balance of history than the advance represented from the ideology of two generations back. These needs of the head of a government are those with which restless modernists are apt to have least patience. That American institutions should be catching up to La Follette three decades after the more striking incidents of his battle with "privilege," and at a time when younger folk scarcely recognize the problems which brought his civic fervor to the crusading pitch—all this is difficult to accept even when it is understood. It is, nevertheless, true. Not that it cannot be changed. It can. But not by the methods usually put forward.

Those who are tolerant and patient insist on every occasion that education is the only safe recourse. But education cannot cure this central maladjustment unless it aims to do so. And when that is suggested, educators (most of them) throw up their hands and loudly deplore "indoctrination," an epithet which covers ideas inconsistent with current privileges and orthodoxies: *their* justification and inculcation are given a nicer name. Who will educate the educators?

It is worthwhile to ask whether, in such an unstable situation as now exists, education is not indeed less important than habituation. Accommodation to new institutions is easy for men if they are not told that it is immoral. But that is the very function our educators have conceived to be theirs. Minds do not have to be prepared for the acceptance of new arrangements; they come to them as naturally as children to the changes of growth; but steady campaigning against them makes their advent difficult. What we generally call collectivism merely described a social arrangement in which the new industrialism can operate; neither can live in a society which does not welcome the other; yet we strive ceaselessly for the one and just as ceaselessly reject the other. That educators and the whole world of school should be given over to the glorification of individualism and to teaching the arts of competition is a tragic anomaly in a world which cannot even survive except by disciplined coöperation.

The important task of changing habits and bringing policy within the influence of modern thought which is pointed to here has been begun in the New Deal; but, characteristically, it has been begun without realizing the significance of what was being done. It may have got farther for that reason at first, but the time will arrive when the only defense for the CCC, the tions, the farmers' groups and so on will lie in their function. There has actually come into being a long list of new institutions and activities within which people operate unexcitedly but in a wholly new way.

It will be seen that this is the general field in which Mrs. Roosevelt has found most interest. She undoubtedly feels that the institutions are defenseless and likely to be killed off; she is right to deplore their lack of rationale. She betrays an impatience now for understanding—and also for extension. She is, however, faced with reaction at an untimely hour. Where is the new spirit at the heart of things? In the making of steel or shoes or sugar? To mention the plain and solid goods of life is to bring home the realization at once that although modern processes are most at home there, no progress is perceptible in thought or morals. The heart of industry beats in the old dictatorial way. But can it continue? Will not society's interest in more goods be made to run with industry's desire for more customers? And once the fiscal barriers here are overswept, will not the tides of production rise as nature pours out her energies for instructed men?

Mr. Roosevelt always felt in his heart, it seems, that a kind of magic could set us on this path to plenty. That was a good instinct, and it had good results, not so much in the reforms to which it led as in the pouring out of funds to the needy which, after all, turned themselves inevitably into the goods and services which were wanted. But here, again, what had to be done was wicked to the orthodox; and so it was done haltingly and not with claims of discovery and shouts of virtue. The President will be able to sit in the sun of his retirement with the blessing of millions who were cold and are warm, who were hungry and are fed. (Did he divine a modern meaning for the parable of loaves and fishes?) But he will not have the approval of those who dispense the formal kudos of society.

Is it this which frightens Mrs. Roosevelt? Why does she say of this miracle that it did no more than buy us time to think? Does she not know that a vast flow of goods will produce its own organization, that collective institutions will emerge from collective facts? That profits must be subordinated to production? Is she frightened perhaps because she feels instinctively that what orthodoxy disapproves, what educators resist, what our moral leaders want to reverse—and what industrialists all-unknowingly are precipitating—is a vast-scale modernism which no resistance can stop? Modernists themselves are frightened not because they do not know how to produce and to enjoy, but because they know that the American people will not be allowed to settle down and do it. Not only time, but also a multitude of blessings, have been bought; but even a great price has persuaded neither the privileged conservative nor the enraged progressive to accept them. It is in this withdrawing of American leaders that danger lies.

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Education on the Skids

THERE IS SCARCELY a state in the Union that can look you square in the eye and say, "We haven't a single school that isn't in excellent condition, financially." Shorter terms, salary cuts and consolidations seem to be the order of the day, with closed schools and payless pay days less predominant, but definitely present.

American schools, on the whole, weathered the depression pretty successfully. The situation didn't become acute until well into 1932; the bottom was reached in 1934, when school expenditures dropped 17.8 percent below 1930, and by 1936 things were approaching normal again. This present dilemma is rooted in two things: careless manipulation of school finances and an embarrassing and "unplanned" recession.

Most schools finance their building programs through bond issues and meet running expenses largely through local real-estate taxes. Therefore their income must not only cover current expenses but must provide for bond retirement as well. The latest government figures place the American school debt at over $3,000,000,000. The interest on this amount averaged 6.8 percent of the total expenditures for education, and in three states—Florida, New Jersey and North Carolina—interest payments represented more than 10 percent of the total expenditures. In addition, more than 70 percent of the school revenue is derived from county and local tax receipts and appropriations. Thus the disastrous effects of a recession, with its lowered tax assessments and uncollectable taxes, become obvious.

Fundamentally, most of the school difficulties can be blamed upon the "county" or "school district" system which we adopted during the nineteenth century. This system sets up small, decentralized areas governed by school boards whose business acumen is often open to question. More than one school board pays its secretary a percentage of what it spends. Most state legislatures have set a borrowing limit and a property-tax limit, but beyond this have done nothing. Left to itself, a county can do some amazing things. It can start out with too expensive a school building, and then, when the bonds come due, simply refund them. If there's been a deficit, the refunding can be stretched a point to include that, too. "School warrants" and "tax-anticipation notes" are other ingenious ways to say "deficit." When the debt limit and tax limit are reached the situation becomes acute, as it did in Dayton, Ohio. There the schools were closed down on December 12, 1938. Conneaut, Ohio, Woburn, Massachusetts, and many other cities were forced to do likewise. And this reckless financing has by no means stopped. In January, 1939, American used, such as consolidations, salary cuts and short terms. If these are not practical, the school can run up a deficit. Ohio, for instance, is now $17,500,000 in debt, largely because of a $10,000,000 shortage in the anticipated sales-tax returns. At mid-term, Philadelphia's schools were $7,500,000 in the red, and next year's prospects are not much brighter. Harrisburg is in no position to help, for Pennsylvania has been very hard hit by uncollected real-estate taxes—one company alone defaulted on $939,954. The situation is so bad in Pennsylvania that 6,000 teachers have received no salary for as much as ten months. Arizona, Arkansas, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Tennessee are the states in the gravest difficulties.

Georgia constitutionally guarantees her students a seven-month term. But, faced with a $5,200,000 deficit, the legislature adjourned without appropriating the necessary money. Schools in forty-one counties closed as a result. Only the collection of $1,500,000 in inheritance taxes from the estate of the late Alfred I. duPont saved Florida from a $750,000 deficit.

As their property-tax income is reduced, the schools have turned to the states for aid, but here the results have not been encouraging. According to a survey of thirty-six states made by the American Federation of Teachers, eleven cut their state aid from the 1936 figure. Michigan, with a drop of $19,000,000—50 percent—headed the list. Even New York State, for years the educational leader, has cut state aid $10,000,000 for 1939. This means the loss of almost 1,000 teaching positions in New York City alone.

The latest government figures on short terms cover thirty-one states and indicate that one out of every four school children received from 90 to 170 days' schooling. (The national average is 173 days, slightly more than eight and one-half months.) Ninety-two percent of North Carolina's 905,518 pupils received from 90 to 170 days' instruction, 78 percent in Alabama, 40 percent in Indiana.

When a school system reaches its limit in both borrowing and taxing it has but one recourse: salary cuts, long vacations, consolidations, cuts to the bone and half through the bone. It is no answer to say that our schools are excellent and that they can well afford to absorb small economies. Our schools are *not* excellent. More than 2,500,000 children have no school to attend —and another 2,500,000 might as well stay at home, so poor is the education they are offered. Several states

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telling a man on relief with a family of ten to feed on $10 a week that he simply can't spend so much for food.

Even the WPA education projects are being cut, despite the magnificent work they have done. Free lunches, training for the blind, adult-education projects, all are going. Among other things, the WPA has taught 1,500,000 illiterates to read and write. But only a skeleton of its program will be left. A 40-percent cut is being carried out.

Dependent as our schools are upon property taxes, their greatest hope lies in a business upswing. Short of that, some sort of federal aid is needed to help sorely pressed states. Federal aid is also the one thing that can rectify the maldistribution of school income and school need. (Southern farmers have 17 percent of the children, 3½ percent of the national income.) Two bills providing for federal aid to the states are before Congress now and one of them, the Thomas-Pittman bill, seems likely to pass in this session or the next.

Another constructive move would be a trend away from American schools' dependence upon property taxes for 70 percent of their income. A broader basis of support is needed—a need that can better be supplied by the state or federal government than by local communities.

DENNY HAMMOND

France Under Daladier

SINCE HITLER'S INVASION OF BOHEMIA, the pro-Munich groups in France have lost in prestige, and, on the surface at least, France today presents a unified front against the Axis. There is no doubt that public opinion, especially in Paris and other industrial centers, is now unanimous in its will to resist further Nazi aggression, and a new tone of firmness is clearly discernible in all government utterances after March. It would be, however, a grave mistake to imagine that the Munich spirit is gone for good. The politicians who believe in "appeasement" methods, although refraining from openly advocating their views, are still very active. With Georges Bonnet, they still are represented in the government, and occupy strategic positions in the field of foreign policy.

"By their lack of firmness in dealing with the Fascist dictators, by their refusal to enter into a real alliance with Russia," observes Julien Benda in the June issue of La Nouvelle Revue Française, "the directors of French and British foreign policy have ceased to be in agreement, as they were in September, 1938, with the average citizen of their nations. The popular disapproval of their policies, however, is purely platonic and in no way can hamper their actions. If, from Southampton to Inverness and from Brest to Perpignan, crowds were demonstrating in the streets, shouting 'Down with Chamberlain, Down with Bonnet,' these autocrats would be forced to quit. But the people undertake this sort of action only in matters of internal policy.... It follows that the European peoples, because they are muzzled in the dictatorships, and inactive in the democracies, *have no voice in the foreign policies of their governments*. Their chiefs do as they please."

To some, Benda's appraisal of the situation may seem too pessimistic; but the result of the recent Socialist Party's convention at Nantes certainly confirmed, in the domain of domestic policy. Indeed, the transformation of France [illegible]

Blum, and the adoption of Faure's motion, advocating a pacifist course abroad and condemning collaboration with Communists at home, by over 5,700 votes against 1,700, reveals that France has the doubtful distinction of being the only existing democracy with an appreciable pro-Munich Left.

On the basic issue of foreign policy, the French government itself is still divided into two opposing factions. Bonnet, who is the leader of the first faction, hopes to ensure a Fascist peace in the West by promoting some plan for the redistribution of raw materials, and thus direct Hitler's expansion eastward. The main obstacle to the successful realization of this plan is Hitler himself, whose voracity seems limitless and who is constantly raising his price for fighting Russia instead of France and England.

Daladier, who leads the other faction, has different ideas. The French Premier now seems sincerely bent upon resisting Hitler. But in Daladier's mind this resistance can be efficient only if it is carried out by a fascized France; it is in the name of French imperialism and by means of an imperialist war that he intends to fight the Nazis. The difficulties facing Daladier are of another order than those facing Bonnet: no serious military action against Germany is possible without Soviet assistance, and it is unlikely that the Soviets would lend their strength for the furthering of imperialist ambitions; moreover, the French people certainly will not fight with enthusiasm unless they are sure that the fight is for democracy.

At present the line of least resistance in solving these conflicts of opinion is to follow the British lead in all outstanding issues, and in the meantime "wait and see." As a result, French foreign policy is weak and dependent. No such weakness, however, is manifested in the domain of domestic policy. Indeed, the

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Since Daladier has been granted plenary powers, democratic control of the government in France is practically nonexistent. Again and again, parliamentary committees have disapproved of Daladier's decrees; they are nevertheless enacted and enforced. The present work of the Chamber of Deputies is almost entirely limited to the discussion of a new electoral system, introducing a complicated form of proportional representation.

The purpose behind this intended reform of the French electoral system is clearly revealed by the comments of the pro-government newspaper Le Temps, made on the occasion of a recent by-election. On Sunday, June 18, voting to replace a deceased Rightist deputy, the constituents of Loudun elected a Radical Socialist by a combination of Radical Socialist, Socialist and Communist votes. The result, says Le Temps, "is an indisputable victory for the People's Front. . . . The new deputy has been elected by the adversaries of Daladier's decree laws, the oppositionists. . . . All the lessons to be drawn from that bad electoral day point toward the urgent need for suppressing the present method of balloting and imposing (the word is not too strong) the immediate adoption of proportional representation."

Besides, it is not certain that these elections will be held at all. There is under way a discreet, but persistent, campaign for extending, by decree, the present deputies' terms. "Spontaneous" resolutions by various groups calling for the postponement of the elections on the grounds of national emergency are often published in pro-government papers, and it is quite certain that Daladier is toying with the idea. The prestige of Parliament is so low today, that, should Daladier decide to promulgate the decree, little serious opposition is expected, although the measure would be unprecedented and illegal. How weak the legislative bodies have become in France was best demonstrated by the circumstance of Lebrun's reëlection to the presidency last May. This reëlection had been decided in advance by the inner government circle and was carried out with the direct help of big business. The purpose was to prevent Herriot from becoming President: he would surely have been elected under normal conditions. After the comedy of the presidential elections, Daladier neglected to tender his resignation, as by custom he was bound to do. It would have been nothing but a gesture, but it is significant that in his relations with Parliament Daladier does not even take the trouble to be polite.

The French government press is full of praises for the economic measures enacted by Daladier's Finance Minister, Paul Reynaud, which brought about, they say, the classical symptoms of recovery: the stability of the franc, the repatriation of capital, the smooth functioning and higher returns of the taxation system. Well, the rich don't seem to mind it this time. In fact, whatever recovery there is can be easily explained by the increased expenditures for rearmament. The average consumer is crushed by extraordinarily heavy direct and indirect taxes; the cost of living is increasing constantly, while the big corporations are largely exempt and reap enormous profits from the manufacture of arms. And not only has the forty-hour week been abolished and a series of anti-labor measures enacted, but the State as employer continues to lead the way in putting through retrogressive social measures: wherever possible, personnel is being cut; aged employees are dismissed before their retirement time and replaced by underpaid substitutes; and many of the civil servants' economic privileges, which hitherto had partly compensated for their extremely low wages, are being gradually withdrawn.

All this is being done in the name of the threatening war. Nobody knows of course whether war will come; but, true or imaginary, the existing war danger has become the best instrument for an internal policy whose purpose is the gradual destruction of French liberties.

GALLICUS

European News in a Haystack

An average European doesn't know the first thing about what is happening in Europe. It is not because he lacks interest in current events; on the contrary, he may know all the latest facts about New Zealand, the Philippines and Alaska. He is dumb about European affairs because everything in the papers he reads must have the stamp of official government approval.

There are only two things he can do about the lack of news. The first is to depend upon word-of-mouth communication, medieval style. All over Europe "well informed" people are meeting in cafés and on street corners to trade their "authentic" bits of gossip. It is not the best way to keep track of events; most of us are sick and tired of the method. "Enough of false news," says Petit Parisien, the French newspaper. "If things continue at their present rate, we shall be crowded off our streets because the whispered news will fill them."

The alternative to gossiping is to learn how to read the official "news." It takes long, serious study and a careful eye. The important events are buried in obscure parts of the paper, and are printed in the smallest type. Then, to make things harder, the story is invariably a *denial* of what really happened. For example, take this paragraph from a Hungarian daily:

False reports in a Polish newspaper state that there have been certain troop concentrations from part of Hungary on

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is preparing for the invasion of Slovakia. Of course this "news" belongs in the category of the misleading reports which are printed daily in certain European newspapers. We are very sorry that the Polish papers give space to such "news."

The editor of the Hungarian paper had to have a lot of courage to print the story, even in such a backhanded, apologetic form. Here is another example, this one from a Belgrade paper:

Today's performance at the Central Theatre could not be held on account of technical troubles of the same sort that occurred last week. A water pipe burst, and has not yet been repaired.

Had the paper been allowed to print the truth, the story would have gone something like this:

Today's performance at the Central Theatre was canceled because there was no audience. The Belgrade theatre-going public is thoroughly bored with "official" productions of romantic, super-patriotic plays written for the government on order. The public is demonstrating its disgust by staying away from the playhouse in droves.

Here is an item, also from a Budapest paper, which is enough to test the skill of an expert newspaper reader. It ran under the caption, "EMPTY RUMOR":

The London Daily Herald reports that Hungary is going to coöperate with Slovakia and Croatia in forming a bloc of Catholic states, a diplomatic move which was suggested by the Pope and which would have the approval of Signor Mussolini. It is of course unnecessary to comment on the falseness of this rumor, which is simply a British attempt to create distrust of Hungary's foreign policy.

Which should have been translated:

It is unfortunate that the British press has discovered our secret negotiations for an anti-Hitler bloc which would include Slovakia and Croatia. Even though Mussolini is a partner to the diplomatic maneuverings, we could be severely punished by Hitler for taking part in such a hostile adventure.

Of course the Hungarian papers are not the only ones that are hard to understand. The British press is just as tricky, and in some ways, more subtle. They say that British journalists are completely free to write what they please, but at the same time we all understand that the British columnists are not expected to be too critical. So instead of columnar commentary there are the "Letters from Readers" departments. It is a tribute to the influence of the great British papers to see how much the readers write like the editors. Many of the letters from readers are in precisely the brilliant, professional style of the best editorials—although they generally present a dissenting viewpoint. Recently one against the foreign policy of Mr. Chamberlain, carried this "letter":

"How can Chamberlain, at the age of seventy, still do a man-sized job?" you ask. If your paper's idea of a man-sized job is handing Spain to the Fascists, exchanging Czecho-Slovakia for a piece of paper and leading Britain into the glorious mess we are in, you must have the same sort of shocking mentality as the "leader" you admire. . . .

The Nazi press is the most baffling. Only a post-graduate student in the art of reading newspapers could have understood what this item, in the Frankfurter Zeitung, really meant to say:

The French are unable to protect their line of defenses against the rising waters of the Rhine. The Maginot line was laid so deep that in case of a slight rise in the river's level inundation is feared. This could never happen to the German defenses. Even if the Rhine rose higher than it ever has before, it could not damage our fortifications. They are higher and stronger than anyone would believe.

To understand the story, the reader had to recall that a few days earlier the newspapers in other countries had reported that the Rhine had flooded the Siegfried line and that thousands of German workers were hurrying to repair the damage. By printing a story about the weakness of the French defenses, the Nazi press explained that the repairs on their own fortifications had been made.

But, going back to the Hungarian press, see how one paper printed the news that the Minister of Education, in an effort to placate Hitler and to refute charges that the Hungarian schools were anti-German, provided free courses in German for Hungarian elementary-school teachers. His action was taken after the Nazi press had begun to "describe" the outrages that were being perpetrated against the German minority in Hungary—precisely the tactic that Hitler used before his invasion of the Sudetenland. In the newspaper accounts, there was no explanation, naturally, of the motive behind the Minister's decision. The story read, simply:

(Budapest) – The Minister of Education has decided that every elementary-school teacher who wishes to take the German courses at the University of Budapest will receive free lodging and food for the duration of the term. The Minister of Education wants minority schools to have perfect teachers.

You see what I mean: one must be an expert reader these days. And the situation is rather ironical. Since the invention of the printing press there has never been such need for authoritative European newspapers. But instead they are all quite boring. Nothing much but love stories, novels and fashion news—unless one has learned how to read them.

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He Learned About Wimmen

THE HOME-COME HUSBAND took his stocking-feet off the other rocker and gave the paper a slap. He said, "Imagine a brace of twisters meeting head on and blending chicken coops, broken branches, rooftops, telephone poles, backhouses, biddy hens and what-not into the 'subtlety' of a rouge. Air spun!"

"I fear me you air touched in the head," his wife said.

"Say you so?" quoth he. "Well, smarty, it stands right here in the bladder." He put a finger on the advt. and sure enough she read:

"Air Spun" rouge is another thrilling make-up discovery. Cyclones blend colors to new, lifelike subtlety and smoothness.

"Transition sleep-writing applied. . . .

"And Dali, taken up by Harper's Bazaar, the last season with its 'surrealistic' fashions for frails, the dicty shops touching them off in their windows with genuwine nonrepresentative daubs. Look at what you started, Chirico!"

"Of course not, dear," his wife said, for she wasn't paying much attention.

"And look at here—

Love . . . at first sight! First-sight love is easy in this Curtis sale. Indeed, with so many heart-throbbing aspirants for your hand, the big problem will be to choose among them! Once you've chosen, marry in haste—these prices can't be guaranteed for even a week. (And forget "repent in leisure" . . . *every* Curtis piece is guaranteed five years, built to carry its beauty so "love at first sight" becomes "love at *every* sight!")

—here you're looking at a first-class furniture house. Can words be further debauched?"

He turned the pages, reading aloud. "Create a different you. Luscious lips. Alluringly smooth, radiantly clear skin, the gentle caressing lather of—guess what. The new hats make you very important. You feel more glamorous. For that Memorable Moment . . . that Occasion demanding your most glamorous gown, your carefulest grooming, let one of Glazo's new 'Misty' nail-polish colors climax your charm."

"All in one issue of The New York Times, would you believe it? And he learned about wimmen from the ads."

"You needn't jeer," she said, huffily standing up for her sex. "How about the burlesque shows? Men are only suckers of a larger growth."

"A point. The belly-dancers of the word. They've put down Gypsy Rose Lee but the daughters of Ivy Lee bump and grind obscenely in the press every day without let or hindrance."

"Only women could. And fags. Geeve a leesten.

The frilly elegance of Frou-Frou (a style of kicks) will bring out whatever there is of the Empress in you. Coats to give you that coveted million-dollar look. You'll like the young look of it, the way the boxiness sets off the slimness below. Take along a dozen extras [*i. e.*, noserags] on your vacation, at this price! You'll feel like a pampered princess!

"What ails litrachoor today? There's your answer. The same bourgeois females that gobble up this perfumed slush—ah, they're cute, the adwrights, they know the soft spots of their quarry, to play on them: women day-dreamy, sentimental, vain, anarchic, impressed by swash, serif and flourish and hungering for sensual incantation, if only from an ad—the same females are the buyers of books."

"Ah," she said, "or better, hold, sirrah! Nazi talk, that."

"Big news for Fall," he countered. "The Corseted Look, or Gone with the Wind. Now in November the sentiment of the entire couture is for staccato color. Dress with wide reptile belt and flower, straight and narrow silhouette with incidental pleats are tomorrow's version of 1910.

"They want Hergesheimerian word-wooziness. Of all writing Gertrude Stein's is the most truly feminine. The others, the Virginia Woolfs, have sold out their sex. 'The best women writers are men.' Hooey! The best women writers are the dames of the advertising departments—after Stein. Down with Man Words (informative and creative alike)! Down with sense! Down with Man!"

She chucked a pillow at his face.

"The trick is never to call a thing by its right name. Gaudy it up. Hence we have shoe salons, fur and coat salons, Russek's Design Studio. Make a sale an August Sensation, a Storewide Jamboree, a Merchandizing Scoop, a Spectacular Jobber-Liquidation or an Outstanding Value Event. Perish the necktie counter. It's a Tie Bar now. Isn't that just too ducky for words?"

"The soup is boiling," she said, leaving for the kitchen. "But go on."

"Shoes are tailored. Suits built. . . .

"Give a bright young twist the livery-stable account and the next thing you know horses will glide. And road apples waft down glamorously.

"You can count on Kay Dunhill's daft touch to add excitement to your favorite shirt-waist classic. Plenty of dates now since I made the armhole odor test. I should hope so."

"It was only boiling a little," she said, coming back. "But suppose—"

"A scoop all around, for the rich 'red mud' suede-skins are the perfect drumbeat with the new fall costume colors. Discover that the advantages of this prestige location command rentals little more than those of much lesser addresses. Yippee! The ghost of Amy

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Hat brims sweep upward, swoop forward or arch high at one side, lines curve in arabesques, ostrich feathers again.

She said, "It does go to a beat. The last part."

"To a drumbeat? But at my back I always hear the egg-knobbed ostrich fluttering near. You remember the other night, on the Al Jolson show, when Al introduced Georgie Price and referred to his 'extensible vocabulary'? A script writer's little joke on Al. Mayhap. But to make his vocabulary really extensible Georgie ought to start reading newspaper ads in a serious way."

"For instance?"

"Coats with *calmer* shoulders. And Macy's offering an *antiquey* clip. Just-marrieds. Hose with less *snaggable* surface. *Childishly* collared box swagger coat. In of course a *young* treatment. *Gallant* square shoulders, *ardent* shades of lipstick, jewelry paved with fabulous jewel-like stones. Honest."

"Oh that," she said, calculating and looking at the kitchen.

"Your coat will be storaged without charge till November. Watch your hands bloom into new, exciting beauty, incredibly graceful and alluring with the Hindu drape.

"Enough. It's all too sumptuously dramatic, with its luxuriantly opulent and devastatingly dashing, not to say spiritedly superb, grandiose, flattering, incredibly bewitching and glamorous, mumbo-jumbo—spectacularly slenderizing your brain—a mumbo jumbo and double that and—"

"Did you say 'enough,' dear? Because it's all ready and you've got to cut the pork tenderloin. And anyway I can't for the life of me see why you can't leave those other writers alone, anyway long enough to eat your supper. . . ." She left the question patiently in the air.

"All *right*," he said, kicking the other rocker away and moving toward the kitchen. "All right: pork tenderloin. I'm just thankful to God they'll leave a writer eat a pork tenderloin with his wife and still call it pork, that's all."

FRED R. MILLER

The Leaves of Life

Underneath the leaves of life
Green on the prodigious tree,
  In a trance of grief
Stand the fallen man and wife:
Far away the single stag
Banished to a lonely crag
Gazes placid out to sea;
While from thickets round about
Breeding animals look in
  On Duality,
And the birds fly in and out
  Of the world of Man.

Down in order from the ridge,
Bayonets glittering in the sun,
  Soldiers who will judge
Wind towards the little bridge:
Even politicians speak
Truths of value to the weak,
Necessary acts are done
By the ill and the unjust;
But the Judgment and the Smile,
  Though these Two-in-One
See creation as they must,
  None shall reconcile.

Bordering our middle earth
Kingdoms of the Short and Tall,
  Rivals for our faith,
Stir up envy from our birth:
So the giant who storms the sky
In an angry wish to die
While the tiny with their power
To divide and hide and flee,
  When our fortunes fall,
Tempt to a belief in our
  Immortality.

Lovers running each to each
Feel such timid dreams catch fire
  Blazing as they touch,
Learn what love alone can teach:
Happy on a tousled bed
Praise Blake's acumen who said:
"One thing only we require
Of each other; we must see
In another's lineaments
  Gratified desire;
That is our humanity;
  Nothing else contents."

Nowhere else could I have known
Than, beloved, in your eyes
  What we have to learn,
That we love ourselves alone:
All our terrors burned away
We can learn at last to say:
"All our knowledge comes to this,
That existence is enough,
And in savage solitude
  Or the play of love
Every living creature is
  Woman, Man and Child."

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Shoot the Works

Not in This Issue

I HAVE RECEIVED a number of letters and a few have been printed elsewhere in which I am asked to write an explanation of the reasons why I have become a Catholic. I have no intention of complying in this issue.

In part it is my feeling that no man should discuss those things which are closest to him without taking great care to express himself as well as his best potentialities permit. And again I bridle, for the moment at least, because most of the missives appear to come from those who seem quite ready to condemn with an answer or without. Indeed they seem to ask not so much a statement of belief as an immediate apology.

Very many begin, "Of course a man's religion is his own business, but—" And the conjunction is used as a dull blunt instrument with which to club me on the head.

As I understand it, I must answer on call because I am "a public figure." That description seems to me a little strained and stretched. I have passed no civil-service test nor received any position of trust through the mandate of the people.

It is true that up till now I have written a vast number of words on various subjects in various places and that for the most part they have been set down in haste. But surely the world would hardly suffer if I wrote much less and weighed my thoughts and emotions with a greater deliberation.

It is a little illogical for the same correspondent to complain that all newspaper columnists are too ready to be dogmatic on the international situation and at the same time demand that one of the most slapdash commentators of the crowd should forthwith put in type his own most intimate feelings about Catholicism and the cosmos.

And so I will not do it now. Some morning there will come to me a feeling that the time has come and the words will spring up in such a way that what I want to say will be done with some measure of eloquence and dignity. A merely peevish answer to a peevish communication would be of little service. I did not make any impulsive decision. I will not make any impulsive answer.

But aside from the question of religion, I would like to discuss and defend the newspaper columnist from the responsibility of having to assume the burden of being "a public figure." If he is so regarded, it cannot be denied that the fault is in part his own. For instance, I would be compelled to admit that I have been snapped in almost as many preposterous poses as the late President Calvin Coolidge. But here at least I can put in some measure of defense.

The fact does not rest wholly on my being rapacious about publicity, and some of the pictures themselves should be convincing evidence that I do not stand hitched for cameramen out of any personal vanity. All news photographers, whether they work for weeklies or dailies, proceed upon the principle of Joseph in Egypt and store away in the granaries more negatives than can conceivably be

This goes for the great, of course, the near great and also for persons of no importance. There used to be a rule that newspapers never mentioned newspapermen. One of the first rules of journalism which was dinned into me was, "Don't write about yourself or the other reporters. Who cares?"

That principle has fallen into some disrespect, and columnists in particular sometimes fill up their space by taking in each others' washing and particularly the dirty linen.

But even today the cameramen appreciate the fact that nobody would stop the presses on The New York News if a photographer rushed in to say, "I've got a swell shot of the head of Walter Winchell." It would have to be on a pike or a platter before the managing editor could be expected to display much interest.

And yet somewhat after the manner in which big leaguers take batting practice before a ball game, the cameramen will click at almost anybody in those intervals before the siege guns come into action. My own photograph has been snapped at public gatherings at least one thousand times and about one-tenth of one percent of these have been used. If there ever is any occasion, some person with a savage turn of mind goes to the art department and snatches out the most punishing profile which can be found.

Still, I have nothing against cameramen, and since most of the best ones are members of the American Newspaper Guild, I would cut a pretty silly figure if I ever said, "Men, please stand back and do not annoy me with your flashlight bulbs. They make me nervous and today I will consent to no photography."

As a matter of fact, flashlight bulbs don't make me nervous. Often they are a most convenient aid to an orator. Every now and then a bulb explodes and scatters the speaker of the evening with glass, which is enough to assure him of one good hearty laugh and burst of applause during his address.

But aside from pictorial representation in the press the average columnist does mention himself on many occasions. He is nothing if not autobiographical. And, of course, he may be both.

But it should be remembered that these snatches of home life and little visits for a restricted number of tourists to the secret springs of the columnist's heart and mind are largely fictional in content and intention. The author of a daily stint may choose to paint himself as a craven or a crusader according to his necessities as a writing man. Although as dry in his own habits as Mr. Bryan, he may find copy in the pretense that he is a Falstaffian swaggerer.

To be sure if he is a reasonably honest man, and that goes for practically all columnists, he does not intentionally bear false witness against his neighbors. He draws a long bow in discussing the incidents of his own life, and even this does not give him license to applaud the things he hates or speak with anything less than fervor of his faith.

But under the obligation of a daily or a weekly deadline it is not always easy to put down with simple dignity your feelings about something which is dear to you. And so neither now nor possibly at any time have I an intention of discussing my own relation to my church in the hurly-burly of The New Republic under the standing head of "Shoot the Works."

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Washington Notes

McNuttus, Venit, Vidit, Vicit

MR. PAUL V. MCNUTT's advent into the White House circle has resembled a gerfalcon's descent on a chicken coop. His effect, at least on the New Deal intellectuals, has been that of a shot of novocain. They give the appearance of feeling nothing, except a distant, premonitory discomfort. This "charming young man," as Mr. Roosevelt described Mr. McNutt, has a mountainous, ex-football-player friend back in Indianapolis, Mr. Frank McHale, who is master of one of the most ruthless political machines in the country. As most readers know, its central piston is the Two-Percent Club, composed of state employees who kick back that amount to Democratic state headquarters. As chief of the new Federal Security Agency, Mr. McNutt will preside over the Social Security Board, the CCC, the National Youth Administration, the Public Health Service, the Office of Education. With the honorable exception of the NYA, it is true that all these bodies, in petty, ignominious ways, have fetched and carried for Congressmen. But suppose that Mr. McNutt's friend, Mr. McHale, now moves in to exploit their political potentialities. It is a not unreasonable guess that this is exactly what will happen.

Washington has been awash with speculation about this unbelievable appointment. Mr. McNutt's secretary and Man Friday is Mr. Wayne Coy. Mr. Harry Hopkins once had Mr. Coy under him in the WPA and has great fondness for him. This spring Mr. Coy was in Washington, helping, among other tasks, to establish the Federal Security Agency. Mr. Hopkins' friends say that he and Mr. Coy discussed McNutt's suitability, and that Mr. Hopkins is at least partly responsible for selling this curious bill of goods to the New Dealers. Some clairvoyants here would have you believe that Mr. Hopkins, aware of the puny growth of his own strength among politicians, consciously wished to buttress the administration by recruiting so formidable a substitute.

Another liaison between the New Deal and McNuttdom has been Mr. "Shay" Minton, deputy leader of the Senate. Mr. Minton is one of the administration's boldest men-at-arms, and has the confidence of all New Dealers. Except for a minor insurrection about two years ago, he has also been a loyal member of the McNutt-McHale machine. If reports may be believed, all Democratic Indianians are loyal—or else. Apparently Mr. Minton aided in Mr. McNutt's appointment.

At Michigan University, the muscular Mr. McHale's fraternity mate was Attorney General Murphy. They have maintained their old comradeship, in which Mr. McNutt is now included. Mr. Murphy seems to have had a part in the choice of Mr. McNutt to follow him in the Philippines. Before Mr. McNutt accepted the Philippines post, the three had long conferences. Spokesmen for Mr. Murphy, however, say that he was only casually involved in the present episode.

circle, however, has been Mr. Roosevelt. Along with most other persons here, I must confess I accepted the report of a feud between Mr. McNutt, the "Hoosier Hitler"—Mr. Norman Thomas' phrase—and Mr. Roosevelt, the New Dealer. From excellent sources, I now learn it never existed. There has always been extreme ill will between Mr. McNutt and Postmaster General Farley. At the 1932 Chicago convention, as most readers will recall, Mr. Farley believed that Mr. McNutt deceived him. This feeling never extended to Mr. Roosevelt. The two men met a few weeks after the Chicago convention and have been good friends ever since.

It is likely, in my opinion, that Mr. McNutt's service in the Philippines has brought them close together. Mr. McNutt is a classic imperialist. China is the greatest market known to history, and some day is going to make us all as rich as rich, and so on. Mr. Roosevelt's mind has many mansions. There are times when he loathes imperialism—as when, at the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war two years ago, he warned American corporations to clear out of China. But there are other days when he recalls the glories of his ancestral Delanos, merchants in the China trade, and uses approximately the same phrases that Mr. McNutt does. Mr. Nelson T. Johnson, our ambassador to China, is a Sinologue, relatively unintelligible except to adepts. Probably Mr. Roosevelt has valued Mr. McNutt's reports from his Manila listening post. Mr. McNutt may have been a humble Bill Bullitt. It is more in keeping with Mr. Roosevelt's nature to think that he named Mr. McNutt to the Federal Security Agency because he liked him than that he did it—as some overcynical observers say—to camouflage his alleged desire for a third term.

Indiana labor leaders, who had to bear Mr. McNutt's strike-breaking actions as Governor, have privately protested against his appointment. It is useless to minimize the dangerous possibilities contained in Mr. McNutt's new status as the White House's "charming young man." All other top New Dealers, including Mr. Murphy and the President himself, are political dilettantes in comparison with the McNutt-McHale partnership. Mr. McNutt will have at his orders a vast federal organization, stretching into every county of the nation. By reputation, Messrs. McNutt and McHale are killers, whose opponents never utter a peep once their political bodies have been dumped by the roadside. If Mr. Roosevelt does not wish to be the candidate himself, the 1940 Democratic nomination belongs to Mr. McNutt. No other interpretation of the situation is possible.

Several weeks ago, I hazarded the guess that Mr. Roosevelt would happily hand on his post to a man who, like Mr. Hopkins, would be his deputy, but that he would fight a rival. Absurd as it may sound, it cannot be overlooked that Theodore Roosevelt picked his successor, Mr. Taft, from the Philippines, and that there are times when it seems as if Roosevelt II were being guided in the path of Roosevelt I by an invisible radio beam. But it seems impossible that Mr. McNutt will be able to conceal his extraordinary self-assertiveness. The likeliest guess is that the two men will quarrel before the 1940 convention meets.

In last week's Notes, I recklessly predicted that, with a

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State Department-Bloom neutrality bill through the present session. I wrote before the Foreign Relations Committee refused to report the bill to the Senate floor. Not unreasonably, I had assumed that Chairman Pittman would take care to count noses before he permitted a vote, especially since he was being continuously advised by that skilled operator, Secretary Hull. From all reports, they were fairly outwitted by Mr. Bennett Clark, who managed secretly to pledge the votes of Senators George and Gillette, last summer's purgees. Messrs. Pittman and Hull walked sedately into the trap laid before them. There is still an apparent majority in Congress in favor of the Bloom bill, but whether the administration can keep Congress in session long enough to enact it is now uncertain.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Clean Up the Building Industry!

IF THE ADMINISTRATION wants to do something to aid recovery it can make no move that will yield such large results as backing thoroughly Mr. Thurman Arnold's plan to clean up the building industry.

The record of the Department of Justice on this and other phases of the monopoly laws is a pretty bad one—disgraceful might be the better word. But I hasten to add that neither Mr. Arnold nor Attorney General Murphy is responsible for this. The man responsible is Mr. Murphy's predecessor, Attorney General Cummings, and, of course, the man who put him in office, kept him there, supported him in his policies and, above all, in his trust-law policies. That man was the President of the United States.

The first important act of the administration was to suspend the anti-trust laws. For years the building trades—manufacturers, material dealers and subcontractors—had been carrying on a struggle to nullify these laws. They made agreements about production and prices, they made deals with corrupt labor leaders, they defied the laws through "institutes" and "academies." They succeeded fairly well. But at least the laws were there. They made price-boosting operations difficult. The offenders had to be circumspect. And occasionally someone arose to smite them.

The New Republic, in its editorial columns of July 19, speaking of this and Mr. Arnold's plan to clean up the Augean stables, said no one had ever dared tackle the job before. But that is not true. In 1920 the state of New York instituted a historic investigation of the building industry under Senator Charles Lockwood. Samuel Untermyer was counsel to that committee and he made one of the most sweeping and devastating assaults upon the bad practices of labor and subcontractors and dealers that has ever been leveled against any public evil. Untermyer broke up those practices and put a lot of the offenders in jail. And the effect upon building was instantaneous. Always the threat of this sort of thing hung over the offenders. But in 1933 the anti-trust law was suspended by Roosevelt. The manufacturers told me that they had always been a little timid about daring to make these combinations. But in 1933 representatives of the government in the NRA went to Chicago and showed them how to operate the racket.

The country, so far as the building business is concerned, has never recovered from the effect of the NRA. And the Department of Justice under Mr. Cummings closed its eyes to these widespread violations of the law. When Mr. Arnold came into office he found the anti-trust division crippled, weakened, demoralized, at sea. It needs investigators and lawyers. It cannot make war upon these nationwide defiers of the law without an army of men, and it should have them.

For the last six years the Federal Trade Commission has, with its limited resources and under the frown of the administration, done a heroic job of running down these combinations to kill the building industry by stupid manufacturers, dealers, subcontractors and labor leaders. But after all, its powers are limited and its resources for carrying on the fight were deliberately crippled by the administration and the refusal of the Department of Justice to back it up. What is needed is a determination made known and implemented by a department which has behind it the power to punish adequately these law violations.

As usual, Mr. Arnold's announcement of his intention to attack the abuses in the building industry is followed by the eternal whisper of the anti-trust-law violators that they are hampered by a law which introduces so much uncertainty into business. By uncertainty they mean that, as the law stands, there is no way in which they can know how far they can go in trade agreements to clean up abuses in their industry.

The uncertainty does not exist in the law. The uncertainty has always existed in the Justice Department, which big business has pretty well controlled ever since the law was passed, even in so-called liberal administrations. If the Department of Justice will do its duty, if it will understand that it is there to enforce this anti-trust law, if it will convince the building trades that it intends to do it without fear or favor, that it intends to institute and prosecute vigorously criminal indictments as well as civil suits, if it resists all political pressure, if it is supported by the President with proper force—there will be no uncertainty about this law so far as the building trades are concerned.

All this talk about agreements to clean up their business, to end abuses, is tommy-rot. I have been watching that industry closely, almost daily, for twenty years. The only agreements it really is serious about are agreements to support prices, to limit operations, to keep out competition, to monopolize the industry for a few, to debauch labor by corrupting its leaders. There is no law against agreements of business men to support the laws.

The offenders in this are not the contractors or the architects. It begins with the subcontractors, who are much the worst. It includes the manufacturers and the material dealers and the labor unions. The attack on this group of public enemies must be quick, resolute, uncompromising. And if it is pushed it will bring dividends in recovery that this administration badly needs now.

Mr. Arnold seems to be in earnest about this. And there are some evidences that the Attorney General is also in ear-

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department from the bad reputation it achieved under Mr. Cummings. My own feeling is that the building industry is now in such a deplorable state that the vicious combinations may break up before prosecutions are actually started, if the Department makes it plain it is going to act.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Time Borrowed or Wasted

"On borrowed time" is the kind of light story which can so easily be overdone that it usually is. It is also the kind of thing that is a little too sweet for my taste—even the milk of human kindness will slop over if you insist on having the bucket brim full. Still and all, without knowing what the play was like, I can report that the version Harold S. Bucquet has made for MGM is a respectable job, with interest, humor and a bit of a cry for all.

Poor Lionel Barrymore has played Mr. B. so long and successfully that he is under the handicap of having his considerable range of tricks known by heart; but he does a good and restrained piece of work here as the crusty old humanist who kept death up a tree. I say "poor" because if this had been his first part, those cocking eyebrows, snorts, chuckles, lip-smacking, invective and gnarled tenderness would be shouted up as an acting masterpiece. The kid got on my nerves a little, as they occasionally made him too shrill—though of course that's what children are. The rest were good in their proper places, with the exception of Miss Eily Malyon, who played a scheming and killjoy spinster up into caricature.

There is a touch of this overplaying in the general direction, which I suppose is almost inevitable in a story so simple and unrelieved in its intentions (not that it doesn't move right along as a yarn). But on the whole they carried it off very well, especially in the difficult fantasy element of death as a gentleman called Mr. Brink: Sir Cedric Hardwicke's voice is properly sepulchral; his goings on are given the right mixture of the eerie and the well bred; and the storm in the tree when he first gets caught is actually scary. I know that an awful lot of people are going to be more enraptured with it than I was, and I suppose it won't hurt you to see for yourself.

The Soviet films almost need a separate department, having in some ways given up trying to be motion pictures. The new "Lenin in 1918," for example, runs two hours and a quarter without enough story content to keep it in motion an hour and a half. Story content doesn't have to be plot in its crudest sense—though there is plenty of that here. It isn't even restricted to fiction. It implies an active and clear sense of direction and development, without which there is no theatrical art worth raising a curtain. The material used here is heroic. But the lags and confusions and naïveté of the general treatment remind you of the speaker with all the facts in the world at his fingertips and the truth of God on his side, who still goes rambling and sidetracking himself and getting lost in the bushes; and you know that even if every word *is* true, where is he going and will he for God's sake ever stop? Lenin himself had the art of speech, and could have said it: Bread is necessary and [illegible] chew it and digest it—what is even bread to people if you split a loaf open and rub it into their hair?

As to what goes on here, the conflict of revolution is mostly background for the theme of Lenin against particular enemies. The problems of the need for food, care of orphans and routing of kulaks are brought in very well through the building up of Lenin as a person and administrator. Presently, though, interest begins to center in a sort of spy-ring formula, which dissipates the sense of living history but still fails as melodrama because of the need for long blocks of defensive exposition and the long lists of once heroic names that must be read into the record as black for today's purpose. Then there is the interminable hospital-bed sequence; then, at the end of the film's second hour, a scene at the front apparently devised to show Stalin, still foiling the spy ring, addressing himself mostly to his pipe, but winning the war (incidentally, this is the first time the war actually comes in). The result is not only confusion but a growing impatience and crick in your back. In this case I suspect that a tight continuity (and those who could make one) may have been frankly sacrificed to a main object of piecing together fragments of history and paragraphs of speeches—and never mind whether they fit together so long as they fit a tactical expediency. There is certainly an anti-intellectual, anti-humanist bias; there is also a kind of typing that goes beyond the customary black and white, so that now in the confusion of who the director means as which, you find yourself gauging even ostensibly trusted workers by watching facial structures: if they look just a little dark, or off the open Nordic type, hide your wallet. Some of the people go back to "The Black Crook," and the assassin, thoroughly identified as a Miss Kaplan, goes back to "The Vamp"—and a little farther.

But as a film it still has its virtues. The best thing in average Russian films has been their comprehension that history, even if you want to twist it, is more than armies, senates, characters, however large and living. The story works into its texture, as things taken for granted, a large background of classes, motives, supplies, plans, administration. Add to this the Russian genius for life through realism, and you have a solid foundation whether you build anything on it or not. But above this foundation, and nearer to the film audience, is the thing that has carried more botched films than anything in the world, the Russian tradition of acting, with its apparently endless wealth of seasoned talent. "Lenin in 1918" has a rousing subject, manages some good human situations and has thrilling mob scenes—especially the charge and rout toward the end. But where it would have got to without such a bulk of undeniably living people is hard to figure. Not only the Okhlopkovs, Cherkassovs, Vanins, but the armies of extras, the bit parts, walk-ons, massed faces. And Boris Shchukin's Lenin is so near the heart of whatever has life in the thing that you actually forget to think of him as an actor. He is the living monument to a nation's idol that the film as a whole is not, partly because that was not its purpose, but mainly because the producers who served its purpose were negligent of their art, and clumsy in it. Which serves no true purpose in the world, and is more discouraging in the case of an art so infirmly established and understood. In the long run it is the kind

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The Bandwagon

Contracts of 128 of the 130 teachers at Proviso high school were renewed Saturday afternoon by the Board of Education. Two were refused—those of Ralph Marshall, a teacher in the History department, and Miss Mary Wheeler, of the girls' athletic department. Harry T. Ewert, president of the board, stated after the meeting that the board's decision to withhold two of the contracts had not been due to their activities in the teachers' union. Mr. Marshall is president of the teachers' union and Miss Wheeler, vice-president. – *From The Maywood, Illinois, Herald.*

There was almost no check-up on the actions of the university head, Mr. Leche explained, adding that Dr. Smith's $18,000 salary and perquisites, including a large house, free gas and electricity, most of his food and a car and chauffeur, were such that he might have been expected to remain honest. – *From The New York Times.*

Hold on to Your Wallets, Boys!

England Seeks New War Debt Settlement; Clash Threatens in China Move. U.S. Cash May Be Sought by London to Pay Loan. – *From a headline in The Los Angeles Examiner.*

Aren't We All?

A Senate vote on the compromise is scheduled for tomorrow afternoon, and Attorney General Murphy has held that acceptance of the legislation would revive the powers. A number of Senators have taken issue with Murphy's opinion, however.

Asked where, in his opinion, was the two billion dollars which was in the stabilization fund, Mr. Roosevelt declared it was in suspense. – *From The Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Colorado.*

Nature's Nobleman

Jesse Jones is the kind of man who could converse without embarrassment in his stocking feet with the President of the United States and King of England, after falling asleep at the fireside in Buckingham Palace. – *From The New York Times.*

Command Performance

Premier Daladier's government was expected to put measures designed to end the nation's declining birth rate into effect by using his dictatorial decree powers. – *From a Paris Associated Press dispatch in The Detroit News.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Letter from a League

SIR: In your editorial (June 14) on the League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism, you imply that the new organization is Trotskyist. This epithet appears more and more to serve you in the same capacity that the words Jew or Communist serve the fascists. It is simply a substitute for the actual analysis of policies advocated by left-wing groups opposed to your program or to that of the Communist Party. It should not be necessary to remind The New Republic that Trotskyism is the property of a definite political party. To ascribe it to any and every radical critic of Stalinism is to be singularly reckless of the meaning of words.

It is true that the League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism includes among its members several well known supporters of the Fourth International. But it also numbers several persons (Bertram Wolfe, V. F. Calverton, etc.) whose long standing differences with the Fourth International are a matter of public record. And the great majority of signers are simply literary people (Meyer Schapiro, Delmore Schwartz, Paul Rosenfeld, W. T. Scott, David C. DeJong, James Laughlin IV, etc.) whom it is manifestly false to link with any political organization whatever. The League is composed of individuals who believe (in distinction from the members of other anti-fascist writers' bodies) that war and fascism can only be countered by a militant struggle for socialism.

The New Republic claims to have differences with the Communists, but it is not clear why you should want to throw them into collision with Stalinism. From you hardly more than from The New Masses can the liberal or left-wing critic of the Kremlin expect his ideas to be dealt with on their merits. In this respect the difference between the two magazines is one of tone and strategy but not of essential content.

Executive Committee,
New York City League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism

[Our readers, who may find it as hard to keep track of committees as we do, should note that the League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism is not the same as the organization headed by Dr. John Dewey, which is called the Committee for Cultural Freedom. – THE EDITORS]

Hewing Planks for a New Party Platform

SIR: Let's start now.

In one election campaign after another, liberals, progressives and radicals have been left at the post, not only because of their internal bickerings, their lack of understanding of the popular temper and in general their political ineffectiveness, but also because of their lack of timing. . . . Whoever runs on either old-party ticket cannot be expected to know what we want, except in a vague and intangible manner, unless we start telling the world here and now. . . . Let's get together in the next few months and put down in black and white the things that most of us most want to see written in a political platform.

Nothing could help more now than the formation of a Pro-

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across the country could send their ideas for a 1940 platform. Back in New Jersey, for instance, we think we know what we want in that platform, but how about you people in Florida, Iowa, Oregon, California? As I've stuck my neck out this far, I suppose I'll have to take in the mail until some such organization as I've hinted at comes along. (No indeed, I have no ambition to start another Third Party or "United Front," I just want to find out where we're at.) So if you'll write me what you want to see in your 1940 platform, I'll make a note of it and hand it over to whatever set-up wants to tackle this important job.

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

R.F.D. Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

The Labor Theory of Value

SIR: Ever since John Chamberlain blandly dismissed Karl Marx and the labor theory of value [May 3] with a few sophomorically bright phrases I've been meaning to write you a letter of inquiry. As all students of Marx know—with the exception of those bright young men who spend their time finding fault with him instead of reading him—"socially necessary labor time" refers to the minimum cost for which a commodity can be produced, and not to the social usefulness of the commodity produced.

Thus, when the continuous strip mill went into operation at McKeesport, the cost of production *there* automatically became the basing price for all strip mills, regardless of the technique of production used. In other words, the most efficient manufacturing method is "the socially necessary labor time" and determines the amount of "socially necessary labor" which must be paid for in producing a given commodity.

New York City RALPH IZARD

SIR: A pox on these arguments about value. As Sidney Hook pointed out some years ago in "Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx," theories of economic value are like geometries: they depend on axioms, which are *assumed* to be true. Whether you follow the labor theory or the marginal-utility theory of value depends, I suppose, on the nature of the subjective propulsions that direct you to your initial choice of axioms.

My objections to the labor theory of value are practically identical with G. D. H. Cole's. If Mr. Izard won't take it from a "bright young man," let him crack his teeth on page 248 of Cole's "What Marx Really Meant." Let him also try chapter XIX of Bertrand Russell's "Freedom Versus Organization." "Socially necessary labor time" *doesn't* refer to the minimum cost for which a commodity can be produced. If it did, it would have to include reference to the minimum cost of producing socially *unwanted* articles. And Marx was specifically trying to avoid reference to such articles.

Mt. Carmel, Conn. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A Memorial to James Lardner

SIR: Last May 18 was the twenty-fifth birthday of James Lardner, who was killed in action on the Ebro front in Spain, last September 23. He was the last American volunteer of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade to die in Spain. The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade have published five hundred copies of a book dedicated to him as a young American newspaperman born in the year of the first World War who gave his life in the struggle to prevent a second. It is dedicated to him as a symbol of the hundreds of thousands of young men whose only shroud is the tortured Spanish earth.

We have also launched the James Lardner Memorial Fund to aid in bringing home the Americans who still remain in Franco's prisons and French concentration camps and to care for the maimed and crippled veterans now in this country. May effort to send contributions to the James Lardner Memorial Fund, 311 Union League Building, Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Calif. WILL ROGERS JR.

What Hitler Wants in Danzig

SIR: There are still many people to whom Hitler's policies in the East are not quite conceivable and who think that his occupation of Prague was more a sudden decision, a loss of temper, than a real plan. To know what it means to Hitler and to the furtherance of the Führer's intentions one has but to consult Dr. Herman Rauschning, the former National Socialist president of the Free City of Danzig who left the party in November, 1934. His book, "The Revolution of Nihilism," was a big success in Europe and is about to be issued in the United States. Rauschning tells the readers of the most important Swiss newspaper, the National Zeitung of Basle, about the discussion he and Hitler had about Eastern politics. Hitler plans—says Rauschning—to create a wall of subject states with weakened sovereignty to the east of Germany. In all these countries there must be a leading German caste (*Oberschicht*), while the natives may be employed only in lesser fields of endeavor. Among the nations Hitler named were Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. They were to be a type of "League of Nations" with many variations of halved or quartered sovereignty. The Bohemian-Moravian protectorate was the first step in this direction.

If Hitler gets Danzig, he will get the Corridor, and if he gets the Corridor he will finally get a new partition of Poland. And it would be this new partition which would lead to those changes in Eastern Europe as predicted by Rauschning.

New York City MANFRED GEORG

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Letters about John T. Flynn's article, "Kings Across the Water" (June 28) still pour in. Although Margaret Shipman of Lee, Massachusetts, thanks Mr. Flynn "for expressing publicly the contempt which many of us feel for the ostentatious farce," Roscoe Peacock of New York City, thinks the article "plain inexcusable boorishness." Percy F. Smith of New Haven, Connecticut, expresses "surprise" that we published such a piece. William E. Comfort, New York City, commenting on our "comic Irishman's howler," says that the Crown doesn't have the power to create peers, but can only sign the royal warrant after the government controlling Parliament has acted.

Mrs. Harvey A. Tyler of Chicago and Doctor L. A. Eldridge Jr. of Great Neck, New York, praise the article, "Who Lied About Spain?" by James Benét and Bruce Bliven Jr. in our June 28 issue. Dr. Eldridge thinks that "we are just beginning to learn the lessons of the Spanish War."

S. W. Kenworthy of East Chicago, Indiana, asks if we "can't do something about Stark Young and Otis Ferguson in the way of making them (1) talk sense, (2) write English." Mr. Kenworthy thinks there should be "no objection to a Journal of Opinion dealing in intelligent information which Flynn delivers and which Dixie Young and Swing Ferguson never do."

Roger Dounce of Bayside, Long Island, is "surprised at the easy way" Otis Ferguson passed over the "botch" Hollywood made of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" in his review in the July 5 issue. Mr. Dounce objects to the change in Dr. Mortimer "from a 'very tall, thin man with a nose like a beak' to short, upright, pudgy Lionel Atwill" and is especially pained by the "Hollywood ending with Holmes trapped in the pit and Stapleton about to poison Baskerville." Otis Ferguson comments, "This guy should stay away from movies alt[illegible]

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Books in Review

The Law of the Land

MAURY MAVERICK, the India-rubber man who was bounced out of Congress last November only to bounce up again as Lord Mayor of his home town of San Antonio, Texas, has written a book about the Constitution.[1] It is a swell book, done in an idiom that eschews all the high-class verbalizations (including the word "eschews") of lawyers, economists, professors, diplomats and contributors to the liberal weeklies. Mr. Maverick doesn't care a hoot, a fig or a whoop whether you call the electrical-manufacturing industry an oligopoly or a gollywopoly: as he says, all he is interested in is "preserving and extending true democracy," which he has defined as "being able to talk, pray and think as you please, and eat regular." But if Americans are to think as they please, Mr. Maverick considers it their bounden duty not to parrot the mumbo-jumbo about the Constitution which emanates from the noble Manhattan firm of Galbraith, de Nerfsdorp, Swing and Flywheel. The members of this firm are quite within their constitutional rights in collecting all they can in nice, fat fees from most of the corporations listed in Berle and Means. Mr. Maverick would not deprive them of their dinner money, but he is fearful that lesser Americans won't eat regular if they continue to believe that the Fourteenth Amendment really makes a corporation into a "person."

Mr. Maverick's own substitute for the collected speeches of George Wharton Pepper is extremely original in conception. Since no constitution has ever sprung full-blown out of the assembled heads of Founding Joves, Maury Maverick treats such things as Magna Carta, the colonial charters, the Declaration of Independence and other documents as part of the living constitutional heritage of the American people. His book is divided into two parts, the first of which describes, with commentary, the documents in the case. The Declaration of American Rights (October 14, 1774), the Declaration of the Causes and Necessity of Taking up Arms (July 6, 1775), the writings of Tom Paine, the Federalist papers—yea, even the Confederate Constitution—are all considered relevant to the broad story of the Constitution and the twenty-odd amendments thereto. And when he is through telling the story, Mr. Maverick begins all over again. But for this second part of his book he prints the documents themselves; and if the section bores anyone, Mr. Maverick says "Blame your forefathers and not me."

Mr. Maverick notes that our forebears, in their quaint but intelligent way, habitually referred to the Constitution as the "law of the land." Quick to take his cue, Mr. Maverick observes that land is necessary if there is to be any law at all—or people to enact laws. Because of the basic importance of the land, Mr. Maverick is all for a national view of the Constitution; dust storms and floods, as he says, do not confine themselves within the boundaries laid down in the legal doctrine of states' rights. Indeed, Mr. Maverick considers Owen Roberts' AAA decision an attempt to revive the Confederate Constitution. Needless to say, Mr. Maverick finds plenty of justification in the words of the Founding Fathers themselves for the national view of the great document of 1787; warrant to legislate for the general welfare means just what it says—the right to override state boundaries if the general welfare demands such action.

A good deal of Maverick's detail will probably come as revelation even to those who keep up with literature about the Constitution. Most of us have forgotten (if we ever knew) that Alexander Hamilton once wrote in The Federalist: "A legislature . . . cannot reverse a determination [of the Supreme Court] once made in a particular case; though it may prescribe a new rule for future cases." In other words, Congress could on Hamilton's own say-so have blotted out the effects of the Schechter decision on the NRA simply by prescribing a new rule for future cases. Again, most of us assume in our innocence that the Bill of Rights was designed to protect the basic liberties of American citizens from infringement by states, counties and municipalities as well as federal officers. Maury Maverick points out that this is simply not true: we still need legislation to extend federal protection to citizens against persecution at the hands of state and city officers and mobs. The Fourteenth Amendment was supposed to extend the scope of the Bill of Rights, but the Supreme Court perverted the plain language of this amendment until it came to apply to corporations rather than citizens.

Because of its detailed clarification of constitutional language, "In Blood and Ink" is required reading for everyone, including New Republic subscribers. One cannot say as much, however, for Mr. Maverick's programmatic proposals. Although these are set forth in a tough-guy, out-of-the-lower-left-hand-corner-of-your-trap lingo, they will be easily spotted as identical with what The New Republic has been advocating these many months. Everything that Mr. Maverick calls for is good and necessary; but commending the Maverick proposals in these pages is coals to Newcastle, or pecans to Jack Garner. Does a New Republic subscriber need to be told in Maverick monosyllables that labor organization is desirable, or that basic industries should pursue an integrated price-and-wage policy designed to expand production? Does a New Republic subscriber need to be warned that Frank Hague is a menace?

Mr. Maverick is not, of course, trying to duplicate the work of reaching New Republic readers. His book is published in cloth binding under the imprint of the Starling Press; but it is also published in a cheap paper edition by Starling's parent organization, Modern Age Books. The plain duty of a reviewer interested in Mr. Maverick's—or The New Republic's—philosophy is to spread it among the heathen, not among the converted. But here is a way that it can be done: let readers of this review regard it as

[1] In Blood and Ink: The Life and Documents of American De-

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nasty about "that man in the White House." Let it be advertised abroad that here is a book which explains how a perverted, distorted, *unconstitutional* interpretation of the plain language of the Constitution and the Fourteenth Amendment has robbed the average man in America, not of abstract liberty, but of actual, concrete purchasing power. Mr. Maverick's book should be read by the millions —and it is incumbent on all who believe that liberalism makes better belly-sense than Toryism to spread word of it abroad. If liberals merely content themselves with recommending Maverick to liberals, they will be guilty of class or group navel-gazing. And they will not only deserve, they will also get, the scorn of the India-rubber man of San Antonio.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Hollywood Dance of Death

The Day of the Locust, by Nathanael West. New York: Random House. $2.

ALMOST NOTHING that is any good gets written about the life of Hollywood. The authors who keep away don't know it. The authors who work there accept it; the authors who have succeeded in escaping don't want to put themselves on record for fear they may want to go back. Anita Loos never published in book form the eviscerating Hollywood satire called "The Better Things of Life," which came out in The Cosmopolitan, and soon after she went back to the better things. Even people who live in Southern California and who have little or no stake in the movies find it difficult to put that world on paper. It turns out that, as they travel West, a transformation, imperceptible but basic, like the change from Eastern to Western time, has taken place in their point of view. They come to themselves every now and then, aware that sensational things are going on all about them; but they no longer have the standards to judge them, the convictions which spur one to judge. Is it the changeless and insipid sun?—the organized and disciplined stupidity?—the flimsiness of the buildings and people? Certainly a number of factors have combined to produce a state of mind in which it is difficult for the writer not only to register his reactions but even to have reactions at all. It takes only a few years of Hollywood to render him incapable of anything but turning up at the League of American Writers and delivering bosom-beating speeches, reminiscent of the Moscow trials, in which he repudiates the frivolity of his past career and excoriates the Fascists in Spain, without ever, however, doing anything to expose that other campaign against art, education and social justice, which is being successfully carried on by his employers no further away than Hollywood.

Nathanael West, the brilliant author of "Miss Lonelyhearts," went to Hollywood some years ago, and his silence had been causing his readers alarm lest he, too, might have faded out. But Mr. West, as this new book happily proves, is still alive out there beyond the mountains, and can still tell what he feels and sees—has still, in short, remained an artist. His new novel, "The Day of the Locust," deals with the nondescript characters on the fringe of the Hollywood studios: an old comic who sells shoe polish and his film-struck daughter; a quarrelsome and a Hollywood Indian; and an undeveloped hotel clerk from Iowa, who has come to the Coast to enjoy his savings—together with a sophisticated screen-writer, who lives in a big house that is "an exact reproduction of the old Dupuy mansion near Biloxi, Mississippi." And these people have been painted as precisely and polished up as brightly as the figures in Persian miniatures. Their speech has been distilled with a sense of the flavorsome and the characteristic which makes John O'Hara seem pedestrian. Mr. West has footed a precarious way and has not slipped at any point into relying on the Hollywood values in describing the Hollywood people. The landscapes, the architecture and the interior decoration of Beverly Hills and vicinity have been handled with equal distinction. Everyone who has ever been in Los Angeles knows how the mere aspect of things is likely to paralyze the esthetic faculty in providing it with no *point d'appui* from which to exercise its discrimination, if not actually to stun the sensory apparatus itself, so that accurate reporting becomes impossible. But Mr. West has stalked and caught some fine specimens of these cross-eyed-making Hollywood lepidoptera and impaled them on fastidious pins. Here are Hollywood restaurants, apartment houses, funeral churches, brothels, evangelical temples and studios—in this latter connection, an extremely amusing episode of a man getting nightmarishly lost in the Battle of Waterloo. Mr. West's surréaliste beginnings have stood him in good stead on the Coast.

The doings of these people are bizarre, but they are also sordid and senseless. Mr. West has caught the emptiness of Hollywood; and he is, as far as I know, the first writer to make this emptiness horrible. The most impressive thing in the book is his picture of the people from the Middle West who have passed on from their meager working lives to the sunlit leisure of the Coast, wanting something more than they have had but not knowing what they want, with no capacity for the enjoyment of anything except gaping at movie stars and listening to Aimée McPherson's sermons. In the last episode, a crowd of these people, who have come out to see the celebrities at an opening, is set off by an insane act of violence on the part of the cretinous hotel clerk, and gives way to an outburst of mob mania. The America of the murders and rapes which fill the Los Angeles papers is only the obverse side of the America of the inanities of the movies. Such people—Mr. West seems to say—dissatisfied, yet with no ideas, no objectives and no interest in anything vital, may in the mass be capable of anything. The day-dreaming purveyed by Hollywood, the easy romances that always run true to form, only cheat and exacerbate their frustration.

I think that the book itself suffers a little from the lack of a center of the community which it describes. It has less concentration than "Miss Lonelyhearts." Mr. West has introduced a young Yale man who, as an educated and healthy human being, is supposed to provide a normal point of view from which the deformities of Hollywood may be criticized: but it is precisely one of the points of the story that this young man should find himself swirling around in the same aimless eddies as the others. I am not sure that it is really possible to do anything substantial with Hollywood except by making it, as Dos Passos did in "The Big Money," a part of a larger picture which has its center in a

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survived to write another remarkable book—in its peculiar combination of amenity of surface and felicity of form and style with ugly subject and somber feeling, quite unlike—as his other books have been—the books of anyone else.

Having given Random House as bookmakers a bad mark on Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin," I must give them a good mark on "The Day of the Locust." It is attractively proportioned, shows a fine page of type and is handsomely bound in scarlet. I have noted only one misprint—on page 115.

EDMUND WILSON

The Spoils of Office

Politics and Public Service: A Discussion of the Civic Art in America, by Leonard D. White and T. V. Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. 373 pages. $3.

"POLITICS AND PUBLIC SERVICE" is a book that does my heart good, a valuable and compelling discussion of the conflict between civil service and politics. It is a scholarly work touching on new frontiers of which most scholars know nothing. Except as concerns one important topic, it is written with sympathy and understanding for the politician and the civil servant, and with brilliant flashes of insight. Strangest of all that our American politician should be so treated by two professors. But these two are uncommon professors. T. V. Smith teaches philosophy, but he is also Democratic Congressman-at-Large from Illinois. He was for four years a state senator, and I think he is something of a poet. Leonard White is a professor of Public Administration, and he has been a member of the Federal Civil Service Commission and the Civil Service Commission of Chicago. I am sure that both these authors learned more about that indispensable fellow, the politician, in their extra-curricular activities than in the elaborate studies they made at their university.

Smith and White set forth good reasons why both the politician and the administrator are indispensable in our democracy, but why each should do his own work and not trespass in the other's domain, keeping politics away from administration and administrators. This has always been a problem here, but now it is a most urgent problem. Government has become the biggest business in the United States; it has the biggest budget, the largest number of employees, and requires the same sort of equipment, skills, training and morals as other businesses—but more of each. Moreover, the success of other businesses depends on government's doing its business well.

The authors convincingly argue that an extension of the merit system is necessary if we are to keep our technical civilization from breaking down. Everyone seems to agree, as a matter of fact, that jobs should not be used for patronage purposes, but evidently there are two sides to this question or it would have been settled long ago. The authors, therefore, examine the "case" for the party and the politician as well as the civil service and they do it with unusual intelligence. It is unfortunate that they failed to examine the "case" of the lone voter who goes to work very early in the morning and votes against the wishes of the regulars in politics will fall in line. For a politician that are satisfied by our major parties. They recognize that a political party must pay for what it buys just like anyone else. Up to now the parties have used places on the public payroll as coin. They also use, according to the authors, a tax of one percent on a payroll of approximately $1,200,000,000, yielding about $12,000,000. It is a fact that too much money is not any better for a political party than it is for anyone else. Smith and White observe that in 1882 the parties had all of the jobs, whereas in 1938 they had lost about 650,000 positions in the federal service alone; yet they were rendering their services more effectively than in 1882. The authors quote Jim Farley as saying, "With time, patience and hard work, I could construct a major political party in the United States without holding out a single job to deserving partisans."

The most engaging parts of the book are devoted to the politician, "the secular saint of our civilization"—"the democratical politician alone stands between us and dictatorship. Civilization really means at bottom to live and let live. He who works out compromises on the frontiers of violence so as to extend the boundaries of tolerance is really in a secular way saving us from the exact antithesis of civilization." The politician is the specialist skilled in creating a civic art at once humane and efficient. He is the maker of rules beyond rules. He relieves social tension and compromises conflicting interests. He is a social healer just as the physician is an individual healer. He must be the master of administration without becoming its boss.

The politician is interested in *deference* more than in wealth or power. He wants to be well thought of by everybody. Lately the politician's faith in himself has been impaired by the people's distrust of him. Smith and White believe that the politician must be prized to be improved; praise begets praiseworthiness. I agree, but should add that the voter must be intelligent enough to vote for a candidate because of his character rather than his characteristics; to vote for someone with praiseworthy qualities, and not merely vote for someone because he is "bone of my bone and blood of my blood." The politician is the prototype of the people; he is as he is, because we are as we are.

The failure of the authors to recognize adequately this basic fact about the politician is the striking weakness in a discussion that is invariably penetrating, frequently gay and witty and always interesting. They write as though the politician were some Olympian god on a high pedestal. They seem to think that the obstacle confronting civil service is the perverseness of the politician who will not surrender his patronage. The reason why he will give it up grudgingly, if at all, is that he thinks he needs it in his business. And he needs it because voters insist on being wooed in their persons rather than through their public affairs. But the voter is coming of age; he is more and more thinking of issues, and the politician is therefore giving more of his attention to public questions. The radio is helping mightily in this, and so are the depression and the vastly increased services of the government. When it comes to the point where a candidate can get more votes by unqualifiedly defending the merit system than by giving jobs to the right people and their relatives, then the most regular

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Plato in Blackshirt

Plato Today, by R. H. S. Crossman. New York: The Oxford University Press. 321 pages. $2.50.

MR. CROSSMAN would be the last to claim that he has written a profound book. But he has certainly written an extraordinarily stimulating one. Like every good Oxford man, he has Plato in his blood; and like every good Oxford man of the Left, he cannot help applying the large outlines of Platonic politics to contemporary issues, and gazing upon the results. In the outcome, his Plato appears as a kind of idealist fascist, full, it is true, of shrewd criticisms of the existing order but, at bottom, constrained to reject all the hopes upon which contemporary democracy is founded.

Mr. Crossman covers a wide area in a small space. His Plato examines British democracy and American education (he is not very well informed upon this). He looks at the New Deal and the family, at communism and Nazism. The book ends with a brief discussion on why Plato failed, and this is at once the best and the most interesting section in the volume. It is not merely an illuminating commentary on the breakdown of Plato's attempt to educate the practical statesman. It is also a central attack, made with vigor and insight, upon the basic assumptions of the Platonic political system. Plato argued three things. Most men are unfit for the task of government. There are men so supremely wise that they can safely be trusted with absolute power. These potential rulers will not be found among workers and peasants, but among the "gentlemen." Mr. Crossman deals with all these propositions in detail. He accepts—a little easily, I think—the first; he rejects the second and the third. He does so with pungency. He is unanswerable when he argues that the experience of dictatorship makes it evident that no one is, in fact, fit to be trusted with absolute power. It is a heady wine which breeds arrogance in those who exercise it, and servility in those over whom it is exercised.

But I regret that Mr. Crossman accepts the thesis of popular unfitness for government. For, in the first place, I know of no way in which the functions of government can be revealed, save by the popular announcement of need; and, in the second, I know no way in which, over any considerable period, attention is likely to be paid to need except the enforcement of responsibility for its satisfaction to those who announce the need they experience. That has the advantage, further, of making the area from which leadership can be drawn as wide as the theatre in which ability displays itself; and it provides the only way known to us of elevating the moral stature of the common man. I think a perception of this is in Mr. Crossman's pages; but his failure to bring out its full implications deprives him of the fundamental answer to the Platonic system.

All this is in its turn related to one aspect of Plato upon which I wish Mr. Crossman had dwelt in greater detail. The political dialogues, with all their wisdom, are at bottom nothing so much as the defense of an aristocratic order in its decline. They are a protest against the implications of historical events which had already made them obsolete at the time of their publication. Both Plato and his master Socrates magic of intelligence to defer their defeat and retain, if they could, the vestiges of their privilege. That is why there are resemblances so striking between their creed of two thousand years ago and that of fascism today. Plato is, at bottom, the supreme exponent of a Nazi ideal as that ideal would appear could it be purged of its barbarism and its cruelty. For his scheme rests, like theirs, upon contempt for the common man. He, like the Fascist leaders of our time, is unwilling to recognize in human beings the right to be regarded as ends as well as means. They commit, as he committed, what Mr. Justice Holmes once called the ultimate sin against the right; they have not made up their minds that they are not God. HAROLD J. LASKI

Ku Klux Klan

Invisible Empire: The Story of the Ku Klux Klan, 1866-1871, by Stanley F. Horn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 446 pages. $3.50.

MR. HORN puts his reader on notice in his first sentence that the word for emphasis in the subtitle of his book is "story." He hopes that his story is clear and vivid, and that every statement he makes is historically accurate. These are excellent aspirations for any historian, so far as they go, and surely Mr. Horn has gone far toward realizing them. If the flow of his narrative is uninterrupted by "distracting footnotes," neither is it obstructed by those stubborn complexities and disturbing paradoxes that fill the pages of the more recent histories of this period. Every man of good will should respond with sympathy to his picture of a broken, defeated and impoverished South; and with indignation to his picture of "corruption, duplicity, abuse of power, misrule and violence" that characterize Reconstruction. On one hand there were the helpless, disfranchised white people, goaded to distraction by their tormentors. On the other hand were the simple, ignorant, gullible ex-slaves, led into every crime and depravity by irresponsible carpetbaggers and scalawags. Then came the Klansmen, riding swiftly upon a desperate mission—guilty of excesses, no doubt—but administering a rough and ready justice that eventually restored order and sanity.

Our knowledge of the Reconstruction period is now enriched by the work of three generations, each with its own approach and its own preoccupations. Mr. Horn's work may be classified under neither the first nor the third generation, but rather under the second, the one that began to publish about the turn of the century. It embraces the works of Professor Dunning and the score or so of thick monographs that issued from his seminars. Written chiefly by Southerners, these monographs covering the history of Reconstruction by states or by institutions were more dispassionate and substantial than any previous work. They also provided a reply that was in a measure corrective of the spirit of guerilla warfare that pervaded the writings of the first generation of Reconstruction historians. Though of a different category, the novels of Thomas Dixon (cited by Mr. Horn as references) belong to the same period.

Mr. Horn recounts the more tragic episodes in all the states. For example, there is the pathetic hist[illegible]

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A Check List for Modern Readers

CALDWELL

CATHER

DREISER

EDMONDS

FAULKNER

FITZGERALD

HEMINGWAY

HERGESHEIMER

LA FARGE

LARDNER

MARQUAND

PARKER

SAROYAN

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the ground by General Sherman in 1863, put to the torch again by Negroes in 1871, and ruled by the more unscrupulous type of scalawag and carpetbagger. One might imagine these tales sufficiently pointed to strike remorse in the heart of the last blue-stockinged Abolitionist in Vermont. Aside from such episodes, Mr. Horn is mainly interested in revealing the colorful exploits of the Klansmen, not to mention the endless mummeries of their order—passwords, hand-clasps, secret codes, signals of distress, rituals, costumes, etc., etc.—mysteries and marvels dear to the heart of the perennial American Joiner, Reb or Yank.

The mysteries of Reconstruction with which contemporary historians are preoccupied are of a somewhat different order. Why was it that the Ku Klux were mainly active in the upland country rather than in the lowland and black-belt South? How did the antagonistic classes of white Southerners, who could not forget their age-old scrap even in the presence of invading armies, finally compose their differences in the Klan? Is General Gordon's description of the Klan as "simply a brotherhood of the property-holders" essentially correct? Is there no more revealing distinction between the early Klan and the later Klan during Reconstruction than that the one was composed of "good" men, the other of "bad" men? If the Klan was a "counter-revolutionary" organization, as lately alleged, who were the "revolutionists"? The Union League, perhaps, financed and led by big Eastern capitalists? Or perhaps the Republican Party, headed by Grant and dominated by Eastern bankers and industrialists?

C. VANN WOODWARD

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The Second Reich

Germany and England: Background of Conflict, by Raymond J. Sontag. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 380 pages. $3.50.

PROFESSOR SONTAG'S BOOK covers only the first part of the long history of pre-war Anglo-German relations, ending with 1894 and almost entirely determined by the rise and fall of the Reich's founder, Bismarck. This first creation of the German Empire was witnessed from across the North Sea with even greater anxiety than Herr Hitler's policy is today, Gladstonian England feeling shocked both because of Bismarck's "despotism" and the shattering of the European balance of power involved. This reaction changed when Gladstone was succeeded by Disraeli, who sympathized with Bismarck's conservatism and found Berlin willing to assist England in her political protest against Russian expansion in the Balkans. Yet the English—both Tories and Liberals—henceforth never lost a feeling of uneasiness about Germany's rapid expansion and her increasing anti-British sentiments, and therefore placed her hopes on a change of Germany's entire political system under the leadership of the Emperor Frederick and his English-born wife.

Professor Sontag's scholarly, well written and readable book presents valuable information to American readers, though it fails to reveal new material and omits some of the most important details. The name of Carl Peters, founder of German East Africa, creator of the Pan-German League and head of the German Anglophobes is not even mentioned; nor is there any mention of a man like Cecil Rhodes; the influence of the Boer problem on the aversion between both countries—beginning in the eighties—has been overlooked; and the study of Pan-Germanism is incomplete. Like many similar studies, this book is far too much influenced by—and based upon—the official collections of documents, which offer only a limited aspect of the manifold problems involved.

WOLFGANG HALLGARTEN

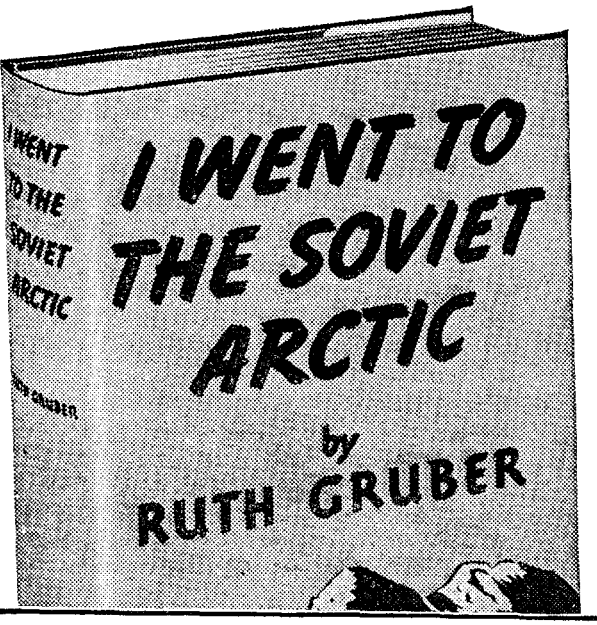
New Books: A Reader's List

THE HUDSON, by Carl Carmer (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). History and gossip along a river that's known plenty of both. Mr. Carmer collects the old yarns, revives others that should never have been passed over in the first place, and brings his travelogue gracefully up through today. Another fine justification for the Rivers of America series.

SALWEEN, by Ronald Kaulback (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). Two young men set out to find the source of the great Salween River in the mountains of Tibet. They didn't come anywhere near it, in fact, but they had an interesting time drinking hot buttered tea and eating antique eggs in lamaseries.

THE TURKEY OF ATATURK, by Donald Everett Webster (American Academy of Political and Social Science, $2.50). A competent sociological account of the astounding trans-

The personal history of a young woman who found out for herself about the Russia of today.



"I consider *I Went to the Soviet Arctic* a masterpiece of excitement and story-telling. Genuine congratulations to Ruth Gruber for her courage, persistence, and talent for writing." —MARY R. BEARD
co-author with Charles A. Beard of *America in Mid-Passage*

"The most fascinating book of this year and practically any other year. It is a combination of information, fine writing, wit, great sensitivity and suspense. It is a guide for understanding not only the Soviet Arctic but the whole Soviet Union." —RUTH McKENNEY
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hand material and containing charts, maps, biographies of leading personalities and other valuable documentation.

THE REDLANDER, by Sigman Byrd (Dutton, $2.50). The rise and shine of a young orphan boy from East Texas. The boy—and the rest of the town—are hipped on genealogy, but the author never manages to pass this interest on in full to his readers. Nice local color that's almost enough to make the story click.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES: *1939*, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75). As usual, a good deal of clearing away of dead wood is needed to find the good stories. About one in three stands out this year—specifically those by David L. Cohn, Paul Horgan, Jesse Stuart, Madge Jenison, Albert Maltz, Robert Penn Warren, Ira Wolfert and Richard Wright. Specially recommended is Albert Halper's "Prelude," a finely handled study of anti-Semitism.

Contributors

R. G. TUGWELL was formerly Under-secretary of Agriculture and is now chairman of the New York City Planning Commission.

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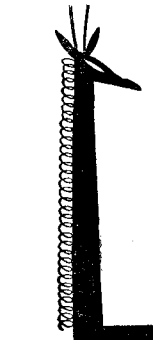

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